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Notes of the Week

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD deserves the unstinted praise of the nation for the tact and astuteness with which he has reconciled many divergent opinions and brought the London Conference to a successful conclusion. Where all of his predecessors since the Armistice had failed he has succeeded. The gods were with him; those who went before him had to reckon with M. Poincaré; he alone had the luck to be blessed with the less adamant M. Herriot. In distributing the laurels for the Pact of London it should also be borne in mind that in some ways Mr. MacDonald's task was easier than that of either the French or the German delegates. Mr. MacDonald was not harassed by political opposition; he had the public opinion of Great Britain solidly behind him. M. Herriot, and Dr. Marx and his colleagues had to reckon with the strong hostility of their respective Right wings and of the strong body of public opinion represented thereby. To them therefore all the more credit is due for the moderation and good sense with which they made concessions to one another.

BRITISH INTERESTS

If the French and German Parliaments ratify the London Agreement, as is generally expected, and the payment of reparations pursues the smooth and prosperous course indicated therein, the question will arise as to whether the actual payments in money or kind to be made by Germany will have an injurious effect on British interests. This question evidently shadowed Mr. MacDonald's mind when he delivered his speech on the closing of the Conference, and is reflected in the return to the former high tax on German imports into this country. German reparations payments will increase the economic pressure on Britain, whose business it will be to take such measures as may be required to meet that pressure. In an interview in the *Manchester Guardian*, on Monday, Mr. Snowden expressed his conviction that Britain will be able to deal with the situation, but saw

a danger from the proposed commercial treaty between France and Germany, with the dice loaded against us. This is a matter that will have to receive the closest attention. Mr. Snowden, however, in a subsequent interview, emphasized the fact that Germany would probably be reluctant to conclude such a treaty unless she were heavily bribed by the offer of a much earlier evacuation of the Ruhr.

THE NEXT ELECTION

All the signs continue to point to a General Election in the autumn. The successful termination of the London Conference may be calculated by Mr. MacDonald to act as a useful balance to the complete failure of Labour's domestic policy, while each week's delay will lessen the electoral advantage secured by the Budget bribery. But it is not on these grounds alone that an early appeal to the country may be adjudged opportune by the Socialists. The Cabinet is not a happy family. The Prime Minister and Mr. Snowden, who have not in the past always seen eye to eye, are now in disagreement over so vital a matter as the London Agreement. In his contention on this matter Mr. Snowden is undoubtedly right; but we do not think that Mr. MacDonald thought differently. He realized, however, that his choice lay between the compromise which in fact he effected and complete failure. In these circumstances he chose rightly.

EXTREMISTS AND THE CABINET

The sudden withdrawal of the prosecution against the editor of the *Workers' Weekly* reflects most gravely on the good faith of the Socialist Government. They must answer without delay the imputations of wilful distortion of the course of justice that have been levelled against them from both Right and Left. If it be true that pressure was brought to bear on the Prime Minister and others to drop this case, and that to save themselves the embarrassment of explaining away as ministers irresponsible statements made by them as private persons, it is a matter that certainly cannot be allowed to rest where it stands. If some satisfactory explanation is not forthcoming, then we must suppose that the accusations are just. In that

case the Government will have to answer for their action when Parliament reassembles. This question of surrender to extremists of the rank and file is one that vitally concerns not only the good faith but the very existence of the Socialist Cabinet. Any Cabinet of British Ministers that has not the courage to withstand the threats and intimidations of private members, whom it is supposed to lead, is unfit to govern. Unfortunately this matter of the Communist editor does not stand alone. No answer has yet been made to the astonishing statement of Rakovsky that the Treaty with Russia would never have been signed had it not been for pressure brought to bear on the British Government by the "proletariat." If Mr. MacDonald is the manacled slave of his back-bench extremists, he is probably an unhappy man, but England is certainly an unhappy country.

THE SUDAN AFTERMATH

We hope that there will be no weakening in the firm and dignified attitude taken up by the British Government in its answer to the impertinent Note presented to it by the Egyptian Embassy in London on the subject of the Sudan disorders. We feel bound to utter the warning in view of the unfortunate manner in which, in the course of our dealings of late years in Egypt, firm declarations have only too often been followed by subsequent vacillation. It is worth remembering that at the end of 1921 the British Government uttered just such another stern rebuke to Egyptian agitation—and ate its words just three months later. This pusillanimous folly must not be allowed to occur again. In our comments last week we refrained from attributing to Zaghlul Pasha any direct knowledge of, or sympathy with, the disorders. But his good faith in the matter is seriously compromised by his subsequent silence. His failure to condemn the authors of the Sudan plot—which very significantly came to a head immediately after his departure for Europe—forces us, at the best, to conclude that he dare not repudiate the unscrupulous propaganda to which his own reckless utterances have given every encouragement. It is plain that the British Government can have no more dealings with Zaghlul. We must settle the affairs of the Sudan without further reference to Egypt.

THE COVENT GARDEN STRIKE

The strike of porters at Covent Garden is having an unlooked-for result in eliminating to some extent the activities of the middleman. Unable to avail themselves of the usual facilities of the market, producers are supplying their goods direct to the retailers in the provinces. To readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW this will be news of peculiar and significant interest. In our opinion the middleman plays too large a part in our commercial destinies. This strike may cut the throats of both parties to the dispute and relieve both men and masters of a livelihood, though it is difficult to gauge how far this exclusion of the middleman is likely to be permanent and how far talk of it must rather be attributed to an effort on the part of the employers to shake the confidence of the strikers. The strike has had one other unusual and deplorable feature. A clergyman addressing the strikers and encouraging them to stand fast against the class which he declared would grind them under concluded his remarks by the astonishing statement that if Christ were to come into the market now He would take His place on the strikers' platform. This kind of irresponsible utterance can do the Church so much harm, and is so clearly exceeding not only the duties of a minister but also the facts of the case, that it cannot be passed over uncondemned. It is the peculiar privilege of the Church to do all in its power to heal and not to widen the breaches between class and class, and certainly to leave the Founder of Christianity out of partisan discussion.

CONSERVATIVES AND ULSTER

First Mr. Baldwin and then Sir Laming Worthington Evans have paid visits to Belfast for the purpose of conversing with Sir James Craig. Sir Laming is reported to have made the object of his visit a discussion of the situation "from the point of view of certain Conservative signatories to the Treaty." Precisely what this may mean we do not know, but we trust that it indicates no divergence of opinion as between the signatories and the bulk of Conservative opinion represented by Mr. Baldwin. We welcome these fresh signs that every effort is being made to explore possible paths of compromise, and that Conservatives are not rushing hot-headedly into action. For his part, however, Sir James Craig seems to have made up his mind once and for all, and he is off to the Baltic for a three weeks' cruise.

SOCIALISTS AND TARIFFS

It is instructive to watch Socialists describing a curve on the tariff question. During the election they were inflexible Free Traders, but in the course of subsequent debates in the House of Commons a strong movement among Socialist back benchers in favour of Protection has betrayed itself. Now no less a person than Mr. William Graham, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has begun to hedge. Speaking at the Summer School of the Independent Labour Party this week, he said that it was "undesirable to allow any industry to go under and accordingly a case might arise for a definite subsidy to a weak industry." Part II of the Safeguarding of Industries Act was withdrawn on the day following his speech. Mr. Graham further remarked that although "the Socialist Party was a Free Trade movement they were not slaves to doctrine. He did not rule out the possibility of a tariff in certain circumstances. He had often thought that a tariff was more or less possible in certain definite spheres. He had discovered on the Socialist back benches, where all true moderation resided, a powerful Tariff Reform Party." In the words of that arch-Free Trader, Mr. Asquith, "We are getting on."

PREPARING FOR A SHOCK

Mr. Graham also took occasion to issue a warning to the over-sanguine. The transition to Socialism, he said, is going to be no easy matter. "More and more, as we attain public ownership, are we likely to get into serious difficulty in the wage field, unless we are clear about the direction we intend to travel. You might have all kinds of dislocation in our Trades Unions. You might have great numbers of your workmen disillusioned. In the dockyards and elsewhere, they are now disappointed with the present Government because in six months certain changes, which they thought should be forthcoming within that time, have not been introduced." This is, we believe, the first official intimation that the millennium has been postponed. It will not, we imagine, be the last. So many extravagant promises have been made which can never be kept, that a time of reckoning cannot be indefinitely avoided. The longer Labour remains in office the more of its pledges will come home to roost. It is expedient, therefore, that those who have been led to expect much should gradually be taught to expect little. Mr. Graham is wise in his generation.

THE RENT STRIKE

The rent strike on the Clyde has come to a head, and the factors have decided upon drastic measures to meet the menace. No one can fail to have sympathy with those upon whom the ultimate hardship of eviction is visited through genuine poverty, but it is established beyond all doubt that the large majority of these rent-strikers on the Clyde are well able to pay their rents and are wilfully refusing to do so. It is high time that an example should be made of such dishonesty. The families who are indulging in this indefensible form of

conscientious objection are, of course, much to blame, but the greater condemnation must be reserved for those in public and responsible positions, Members of Parliament and others, who have wilfully encouraged their dupes, for political reasons, to persist in this attempted evasion of the law. For these men no obloquy can be too strong.

MAKING THE LEAGUE REAL

The approaching meetings of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations will have a quite unusual significance, since they are to be graced for the first time by the presence of the Prime Ministers of two first-class Powers—England and France—and that among the problems to be considered, and happily solved, is that of French security. There can be no doubt that the League will acquire some of the strength which it greatly needs by having Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot among its members and taking a prominent part in its deliberations. The high value Mr. MacDonald gives to these meetings is seen in the announcement that he is going to Geneva to reconnoitre the ground some days before they begin. It is understood that he will submit some proposal for securing the peace of Europe by recourse to arbitration. But before the Assembly opens the Council will have to discuss the Mosul question, which the breakdown of the late negotiations with Turkey has left in suspense.

A BALKAN TREATY

Almost unnoticed by the newspapers, a Treaty of first-rate importance has been concluded at Belgrade between France and Yugoslavia. In its general character it closely resembles that which was negotiated some months ago between France and Czechoslovakia, and caused something of a political sensation at the time, as there were some grounds for the belief that it was an outcome of the Poincaré policy. M. Benes, however, explained that it was a defensive, not an offensive, alliance that had been effected, and the same may be said of the new Belgrade treaty, the main object of which is officially declared to be to guarantee the peace of the Balkans and of South-Eastern Europe. The treaty is to endure for five years, and should give some much-needed stability in those areas.

THE EMPIRE SETTLEMENT ACT

It is unfortunate that Parliament does not appear to appreciate the urgency of putting into full operation the financial section of the Empire Settlement Act. A recent disclosure has brought out the fact that in 1922-3, although a supplementary estimate amounting to £350,000 was voted for migration purposes, only £35,000 was spent. This seems to us to be an altogether inadequate amount, seeing that the Act makes provision for the expenditure of £1,500,000 in the financial year 1922 and £3,000,000 in any subsequent year. We hear a great deal of talk about migration within the Empire and of the many schemes that the Home and Dominion Governments have under consideration, but to what extent these schemes have been or are being financed from this side the public do not know. It is announced that negotiations are in progress between the Home and Australian Governments to share the interest payments on loans to intending migrants up to £34,000 for the promotion of land settlement in the Commonwealth. Is our share of this guarantee coming out of the £3,000,000 sanctioned by the Empire Settlement Act, or is it coming from some other source?

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S MISTAKE

There is some substance in Mr. Dent's contention that his removal from the Bench, on account of his refusing to give an undertaking to desist from the course of passive resistance to the payment of a rate for teaching in which he does not believe, is inconsistent with allowing men to sit on the Bench, and

exercise magisterial duties, who refused to accede to the obligation of defending their country from its enemies in the Great War. Moreover, when the Liberals were returned to power in 1905 a considerable portion of the Nonconformist vote was cast for them on the undertaking that the disabilities complained of by the passive resisters would be removed. But what happened? The Liberals, although they were in office for ten years, did nothing to redeem their pledge to the passive resisters and during a portion of that period Lord Haldane was Lord Chancellor.

LORD GREY OF FALLODON

Sympathy with Lord Grey on his enforced retirement from the leadership of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords will be mingled with pleasure at the knowledge that he has other interests which will rob his leave-taking of that sting which seems usually to be inseparable from a statesman's exit from the political stage. Lord Grey has played a great part in the destinies of his country. It must be left to the future historian to appraise his just place in the long gallery of British Foreign Secretaries, but it is already clear that he is a statesman who by his dignity of bearing, his unswerving honesty, and his deep sincerity did much for the good name of Britain in the counsels of the world. His efforts in the cause of peace in the fateful days of July and August, 1914, will never be forgotten, nor the resolution with which, once it became clear that these efforts could be of no avail, he adapted himself to the less congenial atmosphere of war.

A NEW INTERNATIONAL

The "intellectuals" of the Socialist Party are ever active in their endeavours to instil their doctrines into the minds of youth. Side by side with the rise of Socialist Sunday Schools have come into being establishments where the teaching is based, not on a general curriculum but on a syllabus of class distinctions, the dominating idea being that the "proletariat" alone is destined to rule the country. To these seminaries is now added the "Workers' Education International," which had its inaugural meeting at Oxford a few days ago and was attended by delegates from over twenty countries. Seeing the nature of the assembly it is not surprising that the choice of venue did not secure universal favour, and though not altogether inappropriate it was perhaps a little disloyal of a prominent delegate to recall the fact that although the Prime Minister had sent his son to Oxford he had once described the University as the "Painted Lady of whom Labour could expect nothing." In a sense these words explain the reason for the formation of the new International. A delegate, representing the British National Council of Labour Colleges, gave the real clue to the objective the International has in view when he proposed that the Federation should be established "on the recognition of the class struggle" and should encourage "the independent working-class education described on the Continent as Marxist."

VIADUCTS FOR LONDON'S TRAFFIC

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's suggestion of enormous viaducts is the most imaginative contribution that has yet been made to discussion of London's traffic problem. Imagination and practicality do not always go hand in hand, but Lord Montagu's proposals, though drastic, are quite practical. Courageous vision is essential in the solution of this problem, which is daily growing more urgent; compared to the breadth of conception of this plan all other suggestions are mere temporary palliatives. Constructed on the vast scale intended by Lord Montagu, these huge viaducts might be architecturally not merely not unpleasing, but a positive addition to the dignity of London's masonry. It is the misfortune of far-seeing and far-reaching in-

novations to be ridiculed or neglected until circumstances finally compel their adoption. We would urge that Lord Montagu's suggestion should receive close and immediate attention from the Ministry of Transport and the London County Council, and that every investigation should be made as to its practical value.

THE LOST BOOKS OF LIVY

The announcement that the complete works of Livy have been discovered by an Italian editor, whose name is unfamiliar to English scholars, will arouse some interest, mingled with polite incredulity. That works which have eluded the search of the scholars of Europe since the first days of the Italian Renaissance should now turn up in a series of Uncial manuscripts which must be of considerable bulk is certainly surprising. We can only await with patience Dr. de Martino-Fusco's publication, which, if and when it comes, will throw a light on the early history of Rome which the progress of classical archæology will render invaluable.

SIR ALFRED MOND

We welcome Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., back to the House of Commons. He has been absent from it too long. Frequently in the past we have heartily criticized him, and no doubt we shall have occasion to criticize him frequently in the future. Nevertheless, Sir Alfred is a type of politician of whom the House of Commons cannot have too many. His undoubted political courage and his acute business acumen are qualities of immense practical value there in these days when theory often plays more than its due part in the counsels of Parliament. His shattering case against Socialism in the debate in the last Parliament will not easily be forgotten. We congratulate the House on his return.

THE FINAL TEST MATCH

Our final engagement with the South Africans produced their best score. After a painfully slow start, Catterall was brilliant, and Blanckenberg and Pegler enterprising. Catches were missed, and far too much was let go in the important department of the slips, where the fielding needs adjustment and improvement. Tyldesley was the most consistent of the bowlers, the captain lacking his usual fire, probably on account of his accident. As Mr. Gibson cannot go to Australia, another bowler should be chosen. The English batting looked dubious at one time, but Woolley hit well, and Hendren played with superb nerve and confidence, while Sandham wore down the attack. Then Tate copied the South African bowlers in free hitting. Defiance proved good defence on both sides, but it must be remembered that players are apt to be stale at the end of the season.

A FAIR START

OF all the Conferences that have been held since the Armistice the London Conference was pre-eminently distinguished by the fact that for the first time the parties to it met on a footing of equality, and not as victors and vanquished. This fact indicates in itself a great step forward. The basis of the Conference was the Dawes Report, the object of which is to provide a strictly business method for the payment of Reparations by Germany, and the sole aim of the Conference, according to the terms of reference, was to facilitate and expedite the carrying out of the Dawes plan. It was not a simple matter, for politics came into play as well as economics. Twice the Conference was nearly wrecked, first over the question of the Reparations Commission, and next on that old cause of dissension, the Ruhr, but it weathered these dangers and, only slightly damaged, came

safely into port. The Dawes plan is so little altered in most of its features that it is substantially that of the Dawes Report. Such is the testimony of General Dawes himself, than whom there could obviously be no better authority. Apart from the intransigent elements in France and Germany, the general feeling is that the London Agreement does indeed mark a most notable advance in the reconstruction of Europe. A good beginning has at last been made, and the signs that it may be brought ultimately to a successful conclusion are not inauspicious.

Mr. MacDonald deserves credit for his part in the success of the Conference, but rather for his tactful management of the Conference, and for the atmosphere of goodwill and the spirit of co-operation with which he invested its proceedings, than for anything of a genuinely constructive nature which he contributed to its deliberations. It has been pointed out that one of the difficulties of the situation was that the three chief figures—the British and the French Prime Ministers and the German Chancellor—were the heads of Minority Governments whose political position was somewhat precarious. But this, as regards the Conference, scarcely applied to Mr. MacDonald, for unquestionably he had the backing of the great majority of the British people. His policy is not a new policy. The Dawes plan is not his. He inherited the policy from his predecessors, who in justice must have some share in the credit. The services of the Americans also deserve full recognition. We think most of the credit is due, however, to M. Herriot in the first place, and in the second to Dr. Marx. Both risked a good deal in the concessions they made, but M. Herriot, a man of great courage, risked the more. Both men are now virtually on trial by their respective Parliaments, and the verdict will not be known for some days. While the elections in May gave M. Herriot a majority in the Chamber, which no doubt will endorse his actions, his hold on the Senate is much less secure, and there he has to face the ever-formidable Poincaré, who now sees a large part of his policy abrogated. At the same time M. Herriot has, from the French point of view, and perhaps even from the Poincaré standpoint, an answer to all the interpellations of his opponents in the agreement arranged outside the Conference with Germany, by which France and Belgium maintain their occupation of the Ruhr for the maximum of a year. And, further, he has not given away France's claim—her right, as she calls it—to take independent measures, as she did in the Ruhr, if she should see fit to take them. This claim remains, though it has been so hedged about by provisions for arbitration that it will be extremely difficult for her to enforce it. If M. Herriot has troubles to confront in France, so has Dr. Marx in Germany. He is fairly certain of a majority in the Reichstag, but is likely to find great difficulty in obtaining the two-thirds majority necessary for carrying such legislation as is required by the Dawes plan. But we can hardly conceive it to be possible that the parliament of either country will throw over the London Agreement. That Agreement gives each country substantial advantages, and its rejection would spell nothing but ruin for them both.

Like most agreements not imposed by *force majeure* but reached after negotiation, the London Agreement and the Franco-German Agreement have been arrived at by a process of compromise. In the circumstances, how could it be otherwise? As we have said, there is little real change in the Dawes plan. As it stands, France will get reparations, and is no longer isolated; her economic position, at present bad, will soon, it may confidently be predicted, vastly improve; and once more in line with the whole Allied front, if not exactly on friendly terms with Germany, France will have her political position much strengthened. Her Ruhr adventure—the whole Poincaré policy—certainly did immense damage to Germany, but did herself no good, and put her on indifferent terms with most of the rest

of the world. As we understand it, the letter of the Ruhr occupation is to be kept, so far as the military side of it goes, but the spirit is to be entirely changed. Most of us in this country would have been glad if the Ruhr had been completely evacuated by the French and Belgian soldiers. Even an "invisible" occupation is opposed to the Dawes plan. But here compromise was essential. French opinion is not ready for the complete evacuation of the Ruhr, and, knowing this, M. Herriot governed himself accordingly.

That there is a certain danger in the continued French and Belgian military occupation is evident enough, as Mr. MacDonald indicates in the remarkable letter to M. Herriot that was published after the conclusion of the Conference, which looks uncommonly like another of the Prime Minister's efforts to save his face with his own party. M. Herriot is an honest man who means what he says, and he will effect the evacuation, provided Germany does her part in implementing the Dawes plan. The evacuation of the two Baden towns, though not in itself a great thing, is yet a gesture of deep significance. Much, almost everything, will depend on Germany's good faith. Surely she must see where her interest lies. Already she derives considerable benefits from the London Agreement. The economic evacuation of the Ruhr and other territories is to be accelerated. She has been accorded extensive rights to arbitration. There is a very comprehensive amnesty, the sole reservation being concerned with cases of murder. And on one point—a most important point—the French gave way absolutely: there is to be no dilution by the French or the Belgians of the German railway staffs.

We have touched only on the main features of the Conference, but we have said enough to show that, on balance, that Conference has been a distinct success. Of course, it does not settle everything, and in practice there are certain to be difficulties in the working out of the Dawes plan. Several tremendous questions are still left for future consideration, such as "security" and the inter-Allied Debts. The Allies have arranged to take up the latter question at an early date, and the League of Nations may yet find the way to security. But the most important thing at the moment is that at last we are all moving in line in the right direction—along the path of peace.

INDIVIDUALISM

MR. GOSLING, the Minister of Transport, is reported to have said that the age of the individual is over. The modern doctrine of Collectivism without character, and of weakness as holiness, is fast becoming a real danger to national union and even to national existence: while its profuse doles in many directions at the expense of industry, energy, pocket, and purpose, its twist of altruism into spoliation, seem little short of a moral perversion. Truly may it be said of it that its left hand does not know what its right is taking. Is there any great movement that has enriched and elevated the world that is not due to individual leadership? Where would the Law have been that binds civilization and redeems it from brutish chaos without the best of the Cæsars? Would India ever have prospered but for the work of Clive and Warren Hastings, and what would have become of a just empire without Disraeli?

But characteristic comment, however despised by such as dread it, is no more to be wiped out by sneers than the "Capital," coveted by its would-be expropriators through a squandering "State." The Labour Party, the transformed Trade Unions, too, boast their individual leaders, many of whom only paralyze effort and seek to strangle opinion. Should such dragooning agitators ever reign supreme, there would be no limit to the oppressions of monotony and monopoly. For the truth is that the good type of individual gives voice to the needs of the mass, while

the bad type preys on its passing demands. Collectivism is born of caprice, individualism of will. Which modern collectivist has ever done anything in action? Napoleon was not only a giant but a saint compared with Karl Marx, Mussolini is not only a patriot-genius but an evangelist contrasted with Lenin. For the fact is that collectivism, however it be masked, is merely Burke's "Wisdom told by the head," whereas individualism, whatever its abuses, corresponds to the highest impulses of human nature. It lights while it leads the way. It is the same in literature and the arts. A resonant individuality is their very soul, and directly they degenerate into some mechanical amalgamation of co-operative cries or gestures, they sink into soulless insignificance and soon pass from degeneration into oblivion. Common-sense rests upon individualism, uncommon nonsense is barrenly nourished by anæmic collectivism.

There is, however, a certain element at the base of collectivism that simulates a foundation for its fallacies. Combination for definite aims, disciplined organization are irresistible up to a point—the point of individual will. "Union makes force," and, as far as organization is concerned, so does Trade Unionism. On the other hand this foundation crumbles when we reflect on the true relations between a free Government and a free nation, the distinctions, moreover, between loyalty and licence. At its very best collectivism can never be more than a means to an end, which should never be confused with it. It is a machine without an inspirer. What would become of an army without a general or even an officer—a body, each limb of which was presumed to be equal to the other, without perspective or proportion? And the collectivist is always also a theorist or, as is now the fashionable name for ideologues, an "idealist." He never faces the world that confronts him; on the contrary he creates a clique-world of his own that strives to lull or stifle the forces which compose a nation by the sheer impact of privileged machinery. The individualist, on the other hand, if he respects himself or his destiny, seldom bullies, or if ever he does he falls. He educates and exalts a nation to its best and highest capacities. His own self-reliance infects and inspires his fellow-citizens, while the collectivist remains a parasite on the State, that misnomer for a country. Queen Elizabeth was no collectivist. Nor now are the manly businesses that under all State-restrictions, and strike-obstacles manage to survive by virtue of their individual resources.

Collectivism, in fine, like the Socialism which it images, is a short cut to a mirage. It springs from the desire to get rich easily, it shirks the natural path of struggle that nature has ordained. It mistakes money for wealth and alms for production. Its ideals that sound so spiritual are material to the core. It begins with a false and fatal ease, it ends in bankruptcy both of character and cohesiveness. It is the stucco bridge to Communism, which regards everything as common and nothing as unclean, and when Communism has corrupted and unstrung the national fibre, anarchy is the certain sequel, and war the natural consequence.

There is no worse instance of collectivism militant than the secret societies and the modern Third International which exploits every faith and feud, plausibly luring them to destruction. Outside all is vague and general, a smooth, smiling goodwill. Inside all is treacherous and lurid. Let us fear "the gift-bearing Greeks" and never betray patriotism to benefit by suicide. Once more, even when collectivism is unorganized, nor more than a name for some slipshod beneficence, it can never be creative. It is born sterile and sterilizing. But individualism is creative, like the oak it propagates without any need of propaganda. Its roots are in the soil, its trunk absorbs the fresh air and generative sunshine. Autumn may drive its withered leaves into limbo, but every spring renews its youth. The foliage falls, but the tree remains.

THE RITUAL OF ADDRESS

THE Controller of the London Telephone Service has recently issued to subscribers a dignified yet sorrowful rebuke. It appears that 80 per cent. of those who in London communicate through the telephone have not yet learned its proper use. They employ obsolete expressions such as "Hullo," "Who are you?" and "Yes," thus handicapping the operator and obstructing the rapidity of the service. This printed reproach, published apparently at no little trouble and expense, reveals a curious reaction against one of the most interesting phenomena of human nature, the tendency to ritual in address. It has been observed that the earliest form of song was a dance, and the earliest speech a ceremonial psalm. Human language has from its most primitive stage developed two forms of use, one natural and utilitarian, and one ritualistic. Of the two, the second is the more characteristically human. For it may be said that the brutes employ some natural form of speech; lions roar when they are angry; hens cluck to announce the laying of eggs; dogs bark when tied by chains and desirous of liberty. But ritual is a characteristic exclusive to the human race. Those who find a religious motive in the braying of the ass or the baying of wolves to the moon are only projecting human tendencies into the brute world, a habit more common to man than might be supposed, and one of very early origin.

The development of the ritual of address accompanies the foundation of every human institution, and imparts to it a religious as well as a reasonable or utilitarian aspect. It impregnates far more conditions of modern life than those of which we are usually aware. The British Parliament has for instance a purely utilitarian aspect. It gathers together representatives of the sum of human inhabitants of this island who can draw up regulations for the greater convenience of its community life. Men shall not be permitted to eat one another, or to drive their motor cars on the right side of the road, or to sell intoxicating spirits in the public highway at three o'clock in the morning, or to marry two wives at once, though one after the other is permissible. Such meeting and such regulations can be explained by the dictates of utility, and as such may be compared, though unfavourably, with the regulations of those brutes, such as the bees, who lead a community life, and yet obey the hidden dictates of instinct without resorting to the more clumsy mechanism of mutual agreement. But while the assembling and law-making of the Houses of Parliament can be explained thus, whence comes the ritual of Parliamentary procedure, the ceremonial opening, the gentlemen of the black rod, the confused and archaic "Ayes" and "Noes," the salutation to the chair, the "Honourable and Gallant Member"?

No less remarkable is the ritual of the law itself, and of its administration and judgment. Here a superstructure of religion upon reason provides a whole class of people with a profession in disentangling the meaning of human agreements from those ceremonial trappings which make them unintelligible to any but the initiated priesthood. Unquestionably there is a law of the jungle or the prairie, but these are utilitarian laws recognizing established conditions, such as the strength of the strongest or the desire to preserve life and property. Human law is frequently based upon similar principles, but it surrounds their recognition with a complicated technique of ritual.

The whole tradition of sport is only made possible by a rigorous application of ceremony to otherwise unreasonable actions. Two puppies may chase a ball, but only two human creatures would chase it as far as an imaginary line and no farther. The preliminary handshake of boxers finds its counterpart in the ceremonial language of bridge-players. There is no other explanation for the inquiry of one player to another, "May I play to hearts, partner?" when the inevitable

logic of the game demands that such playing must be endured, and that permission or prohibition is equally impotent to curb the infelicities of chance.

But the technique of the game pales before the mystery of addressing men of diverse occupations and positions by their ceremonial titles. The ritual to be observed in communicating with butchers, bishops, policemen and Prime Ministers is one of terrifying and exact precision. It is more potent than the wearing of a decorative uniform, because it affects the spectator as well as the principal and involves that act of common recognition of dignity which lies at the heart of all true religious ceremony. Is a priest less honourable than a judge, a dancer less graceful than a duke, a saint less worshipful than the mayor of a borough? Yet the ritual decrees that we should mention the honour of the judge, the grace of the duke, and the worship of a mayor. In the cult of the catchword also lies the road by which a phrase, frequently vulgar or meaningless in its origin, may rise to the dignity of a true though ephemeral ritual. Sometimes a fragment of speech survives the oblivion that befalls most spoken words, and strikes some response, miraculous and unforeseen, in the heart of man. Thus phrases like "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon" join a catholic fellowship with "It's a long way to Tipperary," "Yes, we have no bananas," or "And Felix kept on walking." They are caught up, like mortals in the Greek mythology, from earth alive and in their imperfection, to burn for a few short hours among the stars.

It is not, therefore, surprising that each invention of science should come to us in its double nature. It is a convenience to our mortal life, and it is a mystery of the divine order. A parrot may doze in a swing, or a cat walk through a door, but man alone will observe a reverent ritual in the use of instruments. The telephone may have been invented as a convenience, but no sooner had it been created than its use became not merely convenient but consecrated. Why, when addressing her grocer through the telephone, should a respectable suburban lady prelude her conversation with the vulgar and familiar term, "Hullo?" Other observations would, as the Controller of the London Telephone Service reminds us, be less ambiguous and more polite.

But the Controller of the London Telephone Service is more audacious than he dreams. He seeks to eliminate from his craft all elements but those of bare utility. He reproves his subscribers for their vain and childish formulæ. Let rational creatures address each other by the names through which society distinguishes them, he declares. This apparently innocent request goes far deeper than he thinks. The ceremony which he endeavours to proscribe is no mere accident of intercourse. It arises from instinct more precious and more primitive than that which unites the mother and child. It is the response of man's groping mind towards the mysteries of the twofold significance of life. It is the characteristic which distinguishes human creatures from their often more sensible and utilitarian brothers, the brutes. It is an evidence, fragmentary but inextinguishable, of the immortal soul of man.

DELAY IN DELIVERY

Subscribers to the SATURDAY REVIEW who experience any difficulty or delay in obtaining copies of the paper are requested to communicate immediately with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2, giving full particulars.

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SPLENDIDE VERAX

By JAMES AGATE

TRUTH will out, even in a book of confessions. Every page of the late Charles Hawtrey's 'The Truth at Last' bears the imprint of an artless veracity. Every page, that is, save one. Hawtrey is reconstructing a conversation with Mr. Bernard Shaw which took place way back in the 'nineties, some time prior to the production of 'You Never Can Tell,' at the Strand Theatre. Mr. Shaw read the comedy to Hawtrey, who said simply, "All right, I'll produce your play." "Oh, I hope you won't do that," came the reply, pat and paradoxical. But Hawtrey insisted, saying that he thought the play "awfully clever." Listen, now, to Mr. Shaw's reply. "There are some days when I think it is, and others when I think it's rot. This is one of the days when I think it's rot." I frankly refuse to believe this. I refuse to believe that there has ever been any day when Mr. Shaw has seen any of his work as the less intelligent see it. Perhaps "rot" was used in the Pickwickian or Shavian sense. The conversation took place, one presumes, round about the time when Mr. Shaw was dropping high explosive into the "commercial" theatre through the medium of his weekly articles in the SATURDAY REVIEW. I was a boy at the time, and used to paste these weekly discharges in a cutting-book. I have that book still, and can find my way about in it more easily than in the two volumes of subsequent reprint. One of these articles comes to mind now. It is about a romantic and naval drama of Nelson's day, the heroine of which takes refuge in a ship's boiler, emerging therefrom in a party-frock of unsullied muslin. The title of the article is 'Boiled Heroine.' Shall we believe that Mr. Shaw could condemn, at his cheeriest, the pleasantest of his plays to a category which must also include this naval melodrama?

But this is the only snag in the stream of perfect truthfulness. We can well believe that Hawtrey wanted to make "one or two slight alterations, and that at the suggestion the playwright bounded from his seat. Not a single word could be changed! Very well then, Hawtrey wouldn't produce." And Mr. Shaw shook him warmly by the hand. "Thank you," he exclaimed, "you've taken a great load off my mind." Those 'nineties were silly, precious days.

The chapter which records this conversation is entitled, 'Advance of the Stage.' It gives the reader a truthful picture of the mentality and relation to aesthetics of this best of light actors and capable producers. The advance of the theatre is "convincingly proved by the natural, artistic, and realistic representations of life," and the setting of plays "is a great deal better than it was in past years." This is to deem the strict representational the last word in stage-scenery. Hawtrey would have approved thoroughly the Moscow Art Theatre's setting of 'A Doll's House,' which Mr. Huntley Carter recently described as an example of photographic actualism that out-Belascos Belasco. The theatre is advancing, according to Hawtrey, because of the ever-increasing number of talented young actors. But "thus far, and no farther" was this producer's maxim, and in his view art would have done well if it had stopped short at the cultivated court of Queen Victoria. He tells us once again of the "unwholesome" play, which is "the outcome of Ibsen and his school." Of Ibsen he speaks with the respect of perfect misunderstanding. And then he launches a protest against the Norwegian pastiches of modern English dramatists:

A gloom hangs over the play from the start. As the story advances the gloom deepens. At last, when the characters have tied themselves into a hopeless knot, the play ends without any attempt whatever to solve the situation. And this is called a note of interrogation. The hero is left alone. He

walks slowly to the fireplace, places his elbow on the mantelpiece and leans his head wearily on his hand.

"And it has come to this!" he says, with a groan. Then he walks solemnly to the door and makes his exit. A black cat jumps out of the coal-scuttle and leaps on to the table, where it proceeds to eat the cold meat which the hero has left. On this tableau the curtain descends very slowly.

"How wonderful!" exclaim the long-haired division, and applaud with ecstasy.

This might have been written in the days of the chignon and the bustle, and, indeed, in the next paragraph we come upon praise of Clement Scott. "I do not believe that any man in England has done more for the British drama." The idea of a National Theatre did not appeal to Hawtrey, nor yet one devoted exclusively to Shakespeare. "There will always be managers ready to play Shakespeare's dramas and comedies with such splendid examples before them as the late Sir Henry Irving and the late Sir Herbert Tree." The whole chapter presents a very faithful portrait of the mind of this intelligent non-intellectual.

In my view it is only the middle-aged who can be said to have seen Hawtrey. In his last piece, 'Send for Dr. O'Grady,' the actor was simply not suited. That voice of nice intonation was thrown away upon a conventional Irish brogue, that natively shod foot, at home only on the Piccadilly pavement, was an uneasy stranger to bog and heather. In 'Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure' Hawtrey was amusing in a non-Hawtrey way. There are comedians in musical comedy and revue who could have done that boisterous middle act as well, and to out-Merson Merson was not this exquisite artist's line. In some modern farces of about this period Hawtrey was obviously ageing; there were lines about his faces, pouches under the eyes, and *il prenait du ventre*, as the French so nicely put it. His appearance in 'Up in Mabel's Room' was humiliating, alike for actor and author. It was humiliating to see this fine and nimble wit denying itself, to be invited to laugh at the bestowal under bed and sofa of the swollen body which once was Hawtrey. No! I go back, for my most entrancing recollections of this deft, urbane comedian of manners, to the days of 'Lord and Lady Algy' and 'The Man from Blankleys.' I remember as though it were yesterday the semi-pathetic passage between the noble and bankrupt rip and his valet, just as I remember Miss Compton's drawled "Have a bit on Flickamaroo!" Then there was that excellent passage, in the second play, about the cigars. "I shouldn't like to tell you," said Montague Tidmarsh, "how much these cigars cost." "Of course you wouldn't," said Lord Strathpeffer, mistakenly from Blankley's, helping himself and walking away. These were the days when Hawtrey was the ideal hero of the wholesome play. Let me present a picture of him in words which deserve to be better known:

This type, in its general lines, is that of the man who is not, as we say, a bad chap, after all; the man who does not wear his heart on his sleeve, preferring to wear there a heart much less good than his own, so that when he turns out an unparalleled brick the cynical observer of human nature is knocked all of a heap; the man who, morally, is a regular lion of generosity, usually crouched, it is true, but quite prepared to do terrific springs of self-devotion if the occasion for them be sufficiently fantastic—mentally, too, a perfect mortar or sunk mine of gumption, with a sluggish fuse to it, slow to take light, but going off at last in veritable prodigies of mother-wit and horse-sense; the man who "has his faults," but still—well, if he drinks he is "nobody's enemy but his own," and at those next-morning hours, when a nature radically bad would be simply ringing for soda water, he is delighted to be shot or guillotined for the advantage of comparative strangers; he may not keep appointments, or pay his tailor, or do his work, and, of course, he is not a "plaster saint"; but, then, he "cannot bear to see a woman cry," and at any hour of the day or night he is game to adopt a baby, or soothe death-beds, or renounce, for reasons wildly insubstantial, the satisfaction of the cravings of his honest heart.

All that Mr. Montague says in the above is true of Hawtrey's personages, except the last sentence. The essence of Hawtrey-ism was to flee renunciation

* 'The Truth at Last.' By Charles Hawtrey. Edited by W. Somerset Maugham. Butterworth. 21s. net.

as far as the opposite pole, to insist in the way of love, upon the fulfilment of underhand and dishonest cravings, to lie about that fulfilment with glib and oily circumstance, to make confession, when cornered, with and easy and shameless *abandon*. Hawtrey in his book could tell us the truth about his play-productions, his fabulous wins on the turf, amounting to as much as £18,000 in an afternoon, and his fall a few weeks later into the hands of Mister'arris, the money-lender. He could give us glimpses of riotous extravagance. But of his equally riotous charm he must perforce be silent. That virtue covered a multitude of vices, or rather exposed them to the forty-years' discomfiture of Mrs. Grundy.

HEART-BREAK HYDRO

By IVOR BROWN

Storm. By C. K. Munro. The Ambassadors Theatre.

THE Hydropathic is an institution that flourishes particularly in Scotland, but where it most abounds there does it most belie its ominous and menacing name. A Scottish hydro is the rallying ground of the young and active rather than of the aged and infirm. It provides more tennis and flirtation than Chalybeate waters; indeed, its watery title may imply nothing curative whatever, beyond athletics and plain cooking. But in England the hydro retains the medicinal air; if it is not "a cure" itself it hovers on the edge of a cure. It is more costly than the boarding-house, more intimate than the hotel. No doubt it nourishes freaks; at any rate a dramatist in search of fun can very easily make the hydro his wash-pot. He can pick and choose in the world of freakishness and allot rooms to all his fancy at the Hydropathic on Tinderley Down.

To Tinderley Mr. C. K. Munro takes us as he once took us to Mrs. Beam's. We went to Mrs. Beam's by bus. To Tinderley we go by train (second-class, if that nice distinction still survived) and we might even go by reputable private motor-car, for the Hydro has an heir to a title on its books. It is Mrs. Beam's on a higher plane. The vivacious spinster, Miss Shoe, has become the vivacious spinster, Miss Gayler. She is still impersonated by Miss Jean Cadell. But her Beamishness has been transfigured by finance. She is better off, better dressed, better equipped for fire-side intrigue. But Miss Gayler and Miss Shoe are sisters under their skin; there is the same gossip, the same futility, the same embroidery of life with spurious romance by a poor creature with nothing to do but imagine and with no imagination that does not derive from the film and the novelette.

The company on whom Miss Gayler impinges contain an aristocratic noodle of the dithering-decent type, a fashionable singer and his mistress, Storm, from whom, for no essential reason, the play takes its name, an academic dotard harnessed to an Irish wife who knows all about hydros and human nature, and an authoress whose mind appears to be just not weak enough to admit her to our compassion or an asylum. It is not, on the whole, an engaging house-party and Mr. Munro is apparently eager that these dreadful people should be themselves, their whole selves, and nothing but themselves. He adopts the supremely realistic method of permitting them to go on blithering exactly as they might blither in real life. That means that they blither in circuitous continuity with the maximum of repetition and the minimum of concentration. This is Heart-Break Hydro with a vengeance.

This may be defended as the Russian style, but only so defended if it carries with it a touch of the Russian genius. Mr. Munro, like Tchekoff, depicts a futilitarian society, but, unlike Tchekoff, he does it with a pitiless, unemotional exactitude. He has humour and he has Mr. Hugh Wakefield to act the noodle with as admirable a naturalism as Miss Cadell brings to the part of

Miss Gayler. But he keeps too close to the unbearable reality of hydropathic conversation and intrigue. He neither shortens, tightens, nor emphasizes the general futility; he lets his characters and his conversations drift and eddy and drift again. His comedy swirls monotonously through a number of featureless scenes. He has the photographer's ability to convince us that we are all sitting in the Tinderley Hydro, but he lacks the artist's ability to persuade us that we want to stop there. Everybody has felt in some public place or other that if he does not escape from these people he will scream or do violence; just this emotion would the folk at an actual Tinderley create and just this emotion does Mr. Munro's realistic garrulity make his characters create. A slice of life, if you will. But why carve it?

Part of the social futility which Mr. Munro sets out to depict is the capacity to maintain a rambling conversation. He can drive on to paper the aimless meanderings of hotel-lounge dialogue, its evasions, its triteness, its false enthusiasms. But in mocking the prolixity of the hotel bore, he assumes an office that suits him little. For Mr. Munro, as both his last two plays for the Stage Society have shown, is a man of impenitent prolixity. He has the courage to scorn the scolding of his critics and he continues to make his scenes studies in unnecessary longitude. But the way to satirize the rambler is to show him, as it were, in mid-ramble. Mr. Munro makes us his companion from start to finish; he rambles with the rambler, a dangerous, if drastic, policy. A good deal of the art of the theatre is the art of stopping short; when Mr. Munro begins to study the theatre as acutely as he studies bores he will be a very considerable dramatist.

'Storm' has a second title, 'The Battle of Tinderley Down.' Tinderley had its legend; in the eighteenth century the wives had fought the spinsters on the down and nobody knew why. The chief combatants in the renewed engagement are Miss Gayler, Storm, and the Hon. Arthur Blount, who has left his wife behind him. Blount is pretty near to the conventional idiot of farce, but Mr. Hugh Wakefield redeems him by his sensitive variations on the sheepish. Storm, attached to a lady-killing singer called Welch, finds Blount an impressionable lump of putty, worth snatching from Miss Gayler, in order to annoy Welch, while Miss Gayler finds Welch's statuesque vanity irresistible. So the play trickles from one manoeuvre to another, until the arrival of the practical Mrs. Blount. Storm is close cousin to the explosive young lady in 'At Mrs. Beam's,' and Mr. Munro would make her tantrums more interesting if only he would make them less frequent. The part, a large one, was played by Miss Elissa Landi, an actress whom I do not remember having seen before. Storm's storms became monotonous as the evening wore on, but I do not think the actress could be blamed for that. Certainly a larger experience would have helped her to vitalize the part with variety of method, but her petulance was authentic and her movements had an expressive quality. Time and again she had to depict a mood by a silent shrug or shifting of position and in this oratory of the shoulder-blades Miss Landi could always drive home her points with force and clarity.

Miss Cadell seems bound upon an Ixion's wheel of gushing spinsterhood. She knows the quintessence of the Shoe-Gayler sisterhood and portrays it with remorseless accuracy. The hungry glint of the eye, the sweeping semi-hysterical affectations, the meaningless falsetto laugh, the ponderous mincing, the gesticulation that reveals the hideous marriage of the arch with the genteel, all are there. Miss Gayler is authentic; 'tis true, 'tis pity. But I fancy that Miss Cadell enjoys other parts better and I know that she deserves them. When I remember her performance in Eugene O'Neill's 'Diff'rent,' I am the more eager to implore Mr. Munro not to create any more of his drawing-room dragons in the image of Miss Shoe.

For, if he does, Miss Cadell will be conscribed to

enact them and she has surely served her term in this branch of her art. Furthermore the dramatist, by abandoning the Shoe-Gayers and the still life of the hotel-lounge, will probably do himself a good turn. For Mr. Munro's last four plays have in effect been two. In 'Progress' he restated the social criticism of 'The Rumour.' In 'Storm' he has restated his observation of fire-side futility. I appeal to him to refrain from further sequels and in his next play to release Miss Cadell from the confines of her accustomed part. She has earned a change and so too has Mr. Munro's audience.

PSYCHOLOGY IN THE PULPIT

IN his former works Dr. Crichton Miller, the well-known director of the Tavistock Clinic, brought home to the teacher and the parent, respectively, the practical issues of the "new" psychology. In his latest work* he applies himself to religion, and amid all the spate of learned ignorance which issues from the presses nowadays, professing to explain away religion by the crudest use of pseudo-Freudianism, this book, with its sanity and candour, should be welcomed by all honest thinkers. Inevitably the idea of "unconscious motive," the dominant conception of analytic psychology, must challenge the methods of Christian priests and teachers. It introduces a profound distinction between ethical and psychological failure: it questions the worth of intellectual orthodoxy, and is bound to suggest disconcerting queries about conversion and its allied phenomena. No religious teacher can evade the challenge. A religion that plays Canute commits suicide. Writing himself as a convinced Christian, and with a certain sense of urgency, the author confronts conventional religion. There is nothing, he says, in the religion of Christianity which has anything to fear from criticism. "No wind kills the tree that Allah has planted." It is only the sub-Christian elements with which Christianity is still encumbered which psychology may show to be untenable. It must be remembered, however, that because religion is rooted in history, the attempt to distinguish the kernel from the husk is bound to be both more difficult and more dangerous than the author perhaps altogether realizes.

Definitions of religion are innumerable. Dr. Miller gives a new one of his own which strikes the keynote of his discussion. It is "man's recognition of conflict, and his attempt to resolve it on a spiritual plane." But he does not, like our popular dogmatists, confuse validity with origin. The religious dynamic cannot, he insists, be equated with merely instinctive reactions. The "conflict" is not—as our Freudians do vainly boast—merely one between the ego and the herd. There is a progressive ethical impulse, an urge towards spiritual advance, streaming from the unconscious into consciousness, and the spring of the religious dynamic is there. Later on he suggests that in the unconscious, as interpreted by the Zürli school, we may have contact with the universal divine life. "Christianity begins where man . . . substitutes for the magical solutions of pre-Christian religion the solution of conflict by transvaluation." This is, for him, the gospel of Christianity—the appeal to the hero in the breast of each of us.

Religion is not a device of herd-morality, and true religion ought to serve the interests "not of society existent and secular, but of a society unseen and unborn." But it is continually exposed to the danger of "degradation of energy" through the operation of mere herd-instinct. The dynamic is always being rendered static through being captured by the majority. Hence comes the struggle between priest and prophet, the age-long clash between "good"

and "better" which is perhaps the essence of tragedy, so superbly dramatized in 'Saint Joan.' Society requires stability: progress demands outstanding individuals in direct, immediate touch with the unseen, creating new ethical values. True: but the prophet needs the priest behind him. You cannot have Saint Joan without the Bishop of Beauvais.

While fully sympathizing with his main contention we think that here and elsewhere in his book Dr. Crichton Miller really spoils his case by too much stress on religious individualism. Our complaint is philosophical, not sectarian. In our view "institutional" religion has more than the prejudices of priests to back it. It expresses an ultimate philosophical truth—the essentially social nature of personality. So, again, he tends to undervalue the objective truth of religious belief. Granted that faith though logically demonstrated is often accepted on quite non-rational grounds; granted, too, that the affective element is the fundamental factor in religion, it is still a vital necessity to ask whether our faith corresponds with the "nature of things." And here the dogmas of the institution supply at least a corrective and a standard which no prophetic soul can safely ignore. But, after all, each cobbler to his last; and at least we are grateful that Dr. Crichton Miller does not share the contempt for philosophy which has proved fatal to so many psychologists.

The most impressive parts of this book, we think, are the chapters which deal with "compensation." The author is far too good a thinker to be content with the notion that all religion can be "explained" as mere rationalization—as compensating for a sense of inferiority. Yet undeniably psychological factors help to determine the actual form or colour which a man's religious beliefs do assume. These may be at once the cause and the expression of constant, dynamic readaptations to reality. They may, on the other hand, stand for regression. Thus a man who is not a psychological adult, who has never faced the demands of reality, will ask of religion shelter and security. As our relations to other finite persons, so with our relations to the infinite. One who retains an infantile psychology, fixed (in his own life) in the "mother-stage," will tend to worship a Divine Mother: he will be unhealthily suggestible, his religion will be fundamentally selfish, and under the guise of religious authority he will shirk intellectual and moral responsibility. And similarly an alleged conversion may be a revolt from parental authority, a compensation for inferiority, a weak desire for a "refuge from the heat." It would be well that religious proselytizers should recognize as fully as possible the inner factors conditioning a "conversion." In these chapters brilliant use is made of 'Peter Pan,' 'Dear Brutus' and, in discussing sex, of 'Parsifal':

Christianity is the religion of motive, and true religion is perfect freedom—continual, free adaptation to the spiritual. Therefore the hope of a uniform Christianity is not so much a dream as a nightmare. The attempt to standardize is to destroy. At bottom, religious divisions and differences are not doctrinal and historical: they are psychological and temperamental. And there can be no reunion of the churches without a frank recognition of this fact. The church that accepts the implications of modern psychology will have to begin by admitting unreservedly that, for certain temperaments, some form of worship, some presentation of truth, other than its own, may be more desirable (p. 193).

A hard saying, but probably a true one.

In this connexion, however, we must notice that the author has an almost morbid fear of "propaganda" in religion. The propagandist zeal of St. Paul, he says, remained a "blind spot" even after his conversion. For religion may train, modify and sublimate, but cannot change innate temperament. The desire to make other people think as oneself is, he thinks, the preacher's besetting sin and the cause of many religious and moral catastrophes. This is all very well; but, again, we think Dr. Miller understates, even if

* 'The New Psychology and the Preacher.' By H. Crichton Miller. Jarrolds. 6s. net.

he does not underestimate, the objective truth which religious belief claims. There is, of course, as we fully recognize, a sense in which it is true enough to say that everybody must find his own faith. But the Christian religion, which Dr. Miller accepts, is not merely a continual "transvaluation." It involves a certain intellectual attitude to God, the universe, self and other selves. This attitude is either true or false. And everybody who thinks that it is true (or that his own religion is true, whatever it is) is surely under a real obligation by teaching, suggestion, preaching, writing and so on, to lead other people to believe it. We cannot conceive "the preacher" on other terms. And surely the knowledge of truth is an end in itself, even apart from its dynamic results. There are things that people *ought* to believe which implies that there are people who *ought* to teach them. So that whether the subject is science or religion, propaganda, we should hold, is a real duty. If it is not, why is Dr. Miller writing? We hope he will modify this bit of his creed, or we cannot expect him to give us another book.

The final chapter, on Faith-healing, we found scrappy and rather disappointing, and the book throughout is the work of a busy man. But, while we do not pretend to agree with all of it, and while we find some of it inadequate, we have dealt with it here at some length, for it seems to us sincere and important, written with strength, charity and judgment, and it certainly deserves careful study.

F. R. B.

Verse

DIONYSIAC

HEY, the old woman with the fierce kerchief
And her old ram, wrinkled like a scorched leaf,
Have given me wine to drink while I recline
Under a fourposter of sprouting vine.
Have they drugged me then? O how my silly head
Leans to my blue shirt like a log of lead,
And lizards' tails, see how they twine my feet,
Like a monk's vision, Cross and Christ complete.
Below me rosemary and tree-heath spend
Their odours down the cliff. They only end
Where the gulf drops in the blue embracing sea
Embracing them and the noon and singing me.
This is not only wine, not only sun
That runs in my veins as only poisons run.
—Therefore once only, once before I die,
I must trace the gold flight of each butterfly.
The air is starry with them as I drink
This bandit wine. Their wings and my eyes wink.
One's yellow as Solfatara. (The fissures there
Sprout into sulphur like a young Goth's hair).
One's paler than snow. (Even where blanched winds
call
Down the snow-muffled crags of Fotscherthal
Which is in Austria where the wild Inn twists.
—I am hardly sure if Austria exists).
Others are coral like a nereid's kiss.
(The grotto against Isca bleeds like this).
O thou sweet poison in my lolling head,
Montepertuso, I shall soon be dead.
What better death then? Swooning terraces
That scale with olive and vine the mountain's knees,
Now you relax your hold. Now the wild fig
Twists his thick branches in a dying jig.
What better death, lizard and butterfly?
O my kind Fate, that this is the death I die!

LOUIS GOLDING

Letters to the Editor

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

CONSERVATIVE POLICY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—No true Conservative will quarrel with Mr. MacCallum's summary of the duties of Parliament or the educational aims of Conservatism, but I must protest against his depreciatory estimate of those who, like myself, plead for a more attractive Conservative programme. I yield to no man in demanding that such a programme shall be based on sound principles and not on mere vote-catching expedients. It would be as repulsive to those who think as I do, as it would be to Mr. MacCallum, to enter upon "a huckstering competition with Labour," or see our leaders making more lavish promises in the hope of attaining office. On the contrary, Conservative supporters of the New Economics earnestly desire the formulation of a policy which will save the country from the possibility of such a degrading spectacle by providing a constitutional alternative to the Socialist programme.

This alternative is the solution of the problems of involuntary poverty and unemployment by a reconstruction of our financial system. I do not think anyone will deny that it is the proper function of finance to control and direct the production and distribution of goods and services; and it is idle to pretend that this is being efficiently accomplished to-day. I am quite aware that orthodox economists will deprecate any such drastic attempt to deal with our present discontents, and, curious to relate, they have many ardent supporters among Labour intellectuals. On the other hand, there is nothing the Communist extremists dread more than the rehabilitation of capitalism, which would be the inevitable consequence of genuine financial reform.

By maintaining the present concentrated control of credit we are playing into the hands of the advocates of a capital levy, and of the nationalization of the means of production and banking. It is worth noting that the nationalization of banking and credit is to be a prominent subject of debate at the Labour Party Conference in October. From the "big five" to the "omnipotent one" will be but a short step for the next Labour Government, the only question left in doubt being: Will the Socialist Frankensteins succumb to the financial monster they create? Whichever is master, Finance or Communism, the outlook for individual initiative and personal liberty will not be a bright one, and it is in the hope that such a catastrophe may be avoided that I, and many others, earnestly desire to see financial reform placed in the forefront of the Conservative programme.

This is no huckstering bid for Labour votes, but an honest attempt to give practical expression to the Conservative aspirations for which Mr. MacCallum so eloquently pleads.

I am, etc.,

J. S. KIRKBRIDE

The Old Hall, Lowdham, Notts

LIQUOR CONTROL

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the 'eighties, when the music hall was tawdry and common, the tone of the entertainment provided matched the environment; consequently decent people left the music hall to those whose tastes were low.



SIR OLIVER LODGE F.R.S.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, No. 113

By 'QUIZ'

To-day in the music hall tawdriness and shabbiness and a low moral tone are things of the past; the better surroundings have meant cleaner entertainment and a self-respecting audience. It follows that if we improve the status and atmosphere of the public-house the change will make for increased self-respect, a keener social conscience and sobriety, for environment is a most powerful educative force.

I am, etc.,

H. W. THOMAS

Westgate, Sudbury, Middlesex

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—“Disinterested management” is a phrase used to describe a system under which it is proposed to run public-houses in such a way that any profits from the sale of alcoholic liquor shall go to the State or municipality instead of to the seller.

With the exception of the experiment of the Liquor Control Board at Carlisle and a very few municipally managed houses in other places, the system has not been in operation in this country, hence any inquiry as suggested by your correspondents would be incomplete and almost valueless. The experience of Russia, in its days of disinterested management, of the sale of vodka, and that of Scandinavia with its Bolags, is anything but convincing testimony for the advocates of State monopoly, while the Carlisle experiment affords little comfort to those who pin their faith on the efficacy of the system in the production of sobriety. It is whispered that the Socialist Government, who are bound by their creed to “nationalize the means of production, distribution and exchange,” are in no hurry to make a start with alcohol, not being enamoured of the virtues of “Government ale.”

I cannot agree with Mr. Adkins that with a reform of our licensed houses present-day conditions would show a deterioration. The more wholesome the atmosphere and surroundings of a man's existence, the greater is the likelihood of his self-respect and sobriety. In my opinion the reformation of the public-house is a very much sounder and more hopeful aim than the policy of prohibition, which is the goal aimed at by not a few who profess to be enamoured of a system of State control, because they regard that system as a step towards the attainment of their desire, and are out to extinguish the production and use of alcoholic liquor by any method.

I am, etc.,

ERNEST A. DANBURY

Park Road, Peterborough

INCREASE OF MOTOR TRAFFIC

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—During the holiday season, when the lanes of Britain, those “dear winding lanes,” will hum with motor traffic, I think your readers may like to recall how quickly the motor age has come upon us. Twenty years or so ago the motor car was a thing of wonder on the roads, and petrol was a commodity that no one but a chemist stocked—in little bottles. In turning over some old Press cuttings I came across one, dated 1905, describing the experiences on a Bank Holiday. “A garage in Aberystwyth,” I read, “wired an oil depôt in Bristol: ‘Send ton motor spirit at once. Cleared out. Cars stranded.’” That was only nineteen years ago. Now motoring is no longer a perilous adventure and the only marvel is the distribution of petrol. Into whatsoever village or hamlet you turn the nose of your car, you will be sure to find someone with a tin of branded petrol. It may be in the mountains of Wales, or in the lochs of Scotland, or the villages of Lakeland—but the petrol of the well-known brands will be there. The motor age has come quickly; it could not have come at all without the wonderful distribution service built up by big companies in these twenty years.

I am, etc.,

24 Colchester Street, S.W.1

JOHN SOULAR

Reviews

DECADENT SAVAGERY

Savage Life in Central Australia. By G. Horne and G. Aiston. Macmillan. 18s. net.

A GENERATION ago it was commonly supposed that the aborigines of Australia possessed a culture more primitive than that of any other group of mankind and that they had been isolated for untold ages from contact with other races, progressive or otherwise. The ethnologist who was looking for a material substratum on which to build his light bridges of hypothesis turned without fear to Australia when he needed for the base of his evolutionary pyramid the earliest form of customs and beliefs worldwide in their distribution. Hence Frazer explained totemism by the beliefs of the Arunta, and Durkheim sought in Central Australia the root of all religion; if philological speculation lay dormant, it was for lack of matter; the languages were not merely unclassified but virtually unknown.

In the last twenty years, however, we have learnt that the Arunta, so far from being specially primitive, speak a tongue belonging to one of the most recent groups of Australian languages; cause has been shown for the belief that all over the Continent culture and social organization show traces of foreign influence, if not of actual invasions; and anthropology regards Australian facts and problems with new eyes.

These discoveries do not seem to have created much impression in Australia, for in the present work, which is based on letters written by Mr. Aiston, Protector of the Aborigines on the south-east of Lake Eyre, to Mr. Horne, rites, or their absence, are explained by local considerations; the few remarks on language show a total ignorance of Schmidt's classification; and the evolution of weapons is treated as though the distribution of each type were not the essential element. Not only so, but the authors do not even seem to have heard of the burning controversies of twenty years ago over the interpretation of the marriage customs of the Dieri, the group to which belong the tribes dealt with in their work, and the word marriage is not even mentioned in the index. This is the more regrettable, as, though the old theory of group marriage is discredited, many points of detail remained uncertain when Dr. Howitt died and might have been cleared up by an inquirer conversant with the problems.

At the present day the Wonkonguru and their neighbours are decadent, the old subsisting on a ration of flour and sugar, the young men working for the whites and disregarding tribal custom. But from men of eighty to ninety years of age, who were the chief informants, much might have been gathered, especially if it had been possible to use the native language. As it is, this book, though it fills many gaps in our knowledge, is largely concerned with externals, such as food, camp life, implements, etc.; at the same time there are vivid and useful accounts of ceremonies actually witnessed by the writer.

The tribal life of natives in contact with Europeans is soon a thing of the past and their whole social system falls in ruins. Small wonder if they lose their interest in life when their code of morals goes by the board and their religion, if so it may be termed, ceases to be a living creed. Perhaps officialdom is too apt to regard Europeanization as the supreme good and to sweep away the traditional life without putting anything in its place. Even Mr. Aiston, sympathetic though he is, rails at the native for his improvidence; but after all there is not much fault to be found with a mode of life which, in a community that does not number more than the population of a large village, can show men sufficiently alert at eighty or ninety to expound for the benefit of the white man the tribal lore of which they alone are the possessors.

NORTHCOTE W. THOMAS

SOCIAL HISTORY

American Social History, as Recorded by British Travellers. Compiled and edited by Allan Nevins. Allen and Unwin. 18s. net.

Is Unemployment Inevitable? An Analysis and Forecast. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

AS to the mutual understanding of the English-speaking peoples are of importance. For long the Americans were over-sensitive to criticism. In other words, their irritable patriotism, their nervous interest in portraiture, betrayed an uneasy sense that they were not beyond challenge. British travellers up to 1850 have been resumed and criticized in three well-known American books. Much in the social scene and in the method of British report has changed since then. Here in a fourth book, and the best, Mr. Allan Nevins brings the matter up to date in highly entertaining essays and excerpts. He is entirely friendly and reasonable. The whole book is a service rendered. And it could not be bettered as a treasury of the most varied wares. The subject is arranged in four periods, roughly, a quarter of a century each. At first, labouring under the unhappy effect of the Napoleonic wars, we made practical and utilitarian investigation as to immigration and its prospects. Then, supercilious, we exhibited too well that "certain condescension in foreigners," of which Lowell amusingly complained. Captain Marryat and Dickens were severe, though Dickens has never been better vindicated than in the pages of Mr. Nevins. The violence of prejudice displayed by Mrs. Trollope and others might have disarmed by its very grotesqueness; but the exaggeration was further heightened by the British partisan Press of the time. The charges brought against the Americans were pretty much the same as those brought against the British by foreigners. After the Civil War and the clearance of slavery there was no room left for complacent ignorance. The third period of unbiased portraiture set in, followed by the present, in which anxious and respectful analysis is applied. In our own environment it often strikes one that specimens of all past civilizations exhibit themselves. And America, with its "hundred per cent." Americans and the rest, is even more the land of contrasts and paradoxes. Anything can be said about it and contradicted equally well. America is not Britain transported across the sea. And, all the same, Mr. H. W. Nevins, latest of the travellers in the book, can rightly exclaim, "Good-bye, America! I am going to a land very much like yours. I am going to your spiritual home."

Social history is largely dependent on the economic factor. The committee whose investigation was embodied last year in 'The Third Winter of Unemployment,' continue their work with an introductory report and three groups of essays and statistical inquiries by British and foreign economists, most of which are non-controversial. In their general conclusions the committee find no reason to be pessimistic. Some reserve of labour is necessary, but the rate of increase in population is less than is frequently supposed. The trade cycle is international and there is no single remedy for a country such as ours existing by foreign commerce. There is general agreement that the severity of upward price movements and reactions might be regulated by a more conscious use of the rate of discount by the Bank of England, but no agreement as to the method. There is difficulty in suitably timing public capital expenditure. As for the future, the British share of world trade will depend on natural resources, technique and efficiency of production. Coal is menaced by oil; and, in agriculture, a shift to other than cereal farming seems involved. Confidence between workers and employers is required. Taxation, with careful handling, is not a fatal handicap; local rating is sometimes unjust to industry as compared with commerce.

GARNET SMITH

OVID AND VIRGIL

P. Ovidi Nasonis Tristium Liber Secundus. Edited, with an introduction, translation and commentary by S. G. Owen. Milford, Oxford University Press. 21s. net.

The Loves of Dido and Æneas: Æneid IV.—Translated by Sir Richard Fanshawe. Edited by A. L. Irvine. Oxford: Blackwell. 6s. net.

MR. OWEN has long been known for his work on Ovid, and this thoroughly equipped edition is full of valuable matter. The translation has the freedom which respects English style and idiom, and the Notes deal in elaborate detail with fine points of text and scholarship. The most difficult passage, about which no one can be certain, concerns a game like backgammon. There are, however, others doubtful enough to make Mr. Owen retract some of his former views. All that he says on the unknown cause of Ovid's banishment, or rather relegation, to the frozen shores of the Danube is of great interest. He thinks that Ovid's *faux pas*, apart from his amatory poem, was of a political sort, as it gave offence to Tiberius no less than Augustus, and he fairly shows that there was no Julia concerned in it. Ovid was a delightful story-teller, a side of him which the quotation from Professor Murray emphasizes, but here, in the 'Tristia,' he is tediously iterative, and Quintilian's criticism of him as "too fond of his own cleverness" is sound. He would be always writing with that facile, graceful pen of his and did not know where to stop.

Mr. Irvine has made a welcome addition to the green-clad group of modern studies of Virgil by reprinting Fanshawe's version of the Fourth Æneid. It is unequal, being both vigorous and clumsy, and occasionally forced away from the text by the exigencies of metre. Here is part of Dido's reproach to Æneas:

Me fly'st thou? By these tears and thy right hand
(Since this is all's now left to wretched me),
By marriage's new joys, and sacred band,
If ought I did could meritorious be,
If ever ought of mine were sweet to thee,
Pity our house, which must with my decay
Give early period to its sovereignty;
And put, I do beseech thee, far away
This cruel mind, if cruel minds hear them that pray.

More attractive than the translation are the Notes, which give us the cream of the commentators on disputed questions, and a broad and excellently human survey, illustrated by many minds. Mr. Irvine pleads for Æneas and shows that Dido knew she was wrong and could not hope for happiness with him. This does not reduce the pathos of her story. After all, we must blame Heaven rather than Æneas for his conduct. No Virgilian should miss the varied comments Mr. Irvine has collected and made for himself. He owns that he is not always sure about Virgil's meaning, nor are we.

VERNON RENDALL

THE KAISER AS HE WAS

Twelve Years at the Imperial German Court. By Count Robert Zedlitz-Trützschler. Nisbet. 15s. net.

OF the considerable body of biography and critical comment that has grown up about William II while German Emperor this book supplies by far the clearest and most intimate account of him. As Controller of the Household of the Kaiser from 1903 to 1910, and therefore in close and constant contact with his master, the author had abundant opportunities for observation. For five years previously he had been personal adjutant to Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, and thus was already familiar with life at the

German Court. In his first two chapters he sketches his own career up to his acceptance of the Controllership; the rest of the book he devotes to candid description, made from time to time in the form of notes while his impressions were fresh, of the sayings and doings of William II and their reactions during his seven years at Court. In a Preface, dated May, 1923, he assures his readers that these notes are reproduced, except as regards some improvement of style, "exactly as they were written down under the living impressions of the events themselves," and have not been affected in any way by the Great War and its results. No historian is likely to neglect so finished and well authenticated a portrait of the Kaiser as this book presents; but its appeal is general, for it is full of human interest.

In considering this account of William II it should be borne in mind that when Count Robert Zedlitz-Trützschler became Controller of the Imperial Household, he entered on his duties in a spirit that was not only loyal but friendly to the Kaiser, serious criticism of whom was far from his thoughts at the time. At the start he was deeply imbued with the idea that the Emperor was a man of extraordinary gifts and exceptional will-power, and what he saw of him at first confirmed this opinion; but he also saw that the Kaiser was developing purely absolutist tendencies, which were dangerous alike to himself and to Germany, but which were not checked in the slightest degree by his advisers, such as von Bülow, then Chancellor. No matter how inconvenient, extravagant or absurd any order of the Emperor's might be, the invariable response was "As your Majesty commands," and the thing was done, cost what it might. There was a Constitution, but it was not observed; Parliament was impotent. "Few autocrats in history wielded powers as great as the Kaiser's," states the author. While certain advantages of this centralization of authority showed themselves in the astonishing industrial development of Germany, the vices of the system could not fail, in his view, to end sooner or later in catastrophe. The Emperor did not know the truth about affairs for the simple reason that he was either not told it, or would not listen to it. The Count puts it thus:

It is an inevitable consequence of the life of a man in a position so exalted as William II's, that every path is more or less made smooth for him, and that he must to the end of his days remain ignorant of much that ordinary mortals learn only through the constant struggle to cope with the difficulties of life. There can be no other explanation of the Emperor's profound ignorance of the world, of his utter inability to judge men aright, his arrogance, his obstinacy, his overweening vanity, his readiness to lend an ear to adroit flattery.

Very early the author noted that the Kaiser was only too ready to believe himself to be the chosen instrument of God, for whom heaven had quite special designs, and that the ministers of religion, instead of dealing faithfully with him, persistently encouraged him in this belief. William II was, in fact, intoxicated with himself. In his narrative the author shows that whenever he tried to hint to the Kaiser the realities of a situation, he was snubbed unmercifully and slighted thereafter for weeks at a time. The position so wore upon him that in the end he was glad to find in an illness an excuse for giving it up. He resigned with a mind full of the most dismal forebodings of impending disaster to his country. The English version of this book is a translation by Mr. Alfred Kalisch, who has performed his task well.

A MODERNIZED SAGA

Fritiof's Saga. By E. Tegnér. Translated by C. D. Locock. Allen and Unwin. 6s. net.

THE minstrels of medieval days used the background of their own times. Nowadays, in reproducing the legends of the past, we hesitate in method. We are for reaching back to origins and stark savagery, or for modernizing the theme in the way of

a Tennyson or a Swinburne. In other words, we have two publics with different requirements. Now Sweden, till the revival of literature by Strindberg and others, had its three poets; and of these Tegnér—the Swedish Longfellow—won a cosmopolitan reputation. The translations of his 'Fritiof's Saga,' closely following the saga composed about A.D. 1300, but modernized and sentimentalized, are numerous, not recent, and insufficient. Mr. Locock, after giving us his excellent excerpts from the Iliad and the Odyssey, betters his predecessors in the task of coping with the Swedish bishop. He reproduces all the metres of the lyrical epic, and preserves the feminine rhymes. We hesitate, nowadays, also in the method of translation. The fashion is for an exact prose rendering, but also for the effect of a new poem for English readers. Mr. Locock, dealing with a modern poem—next year is the centenary year of its publication—is quite able to be exact, and also English. The limp, or impression left of difficulty overcome with difficulty, is of rarest occurrence. It would be a pleasure to quote freely. One can state that, already, Mr. Locock is of the band headed by Mr. Arthur Waley, whose versions from the Chinese and Japanese are a credit to the age.

YORKSHIRE FOLK-LORE

The Hand of Glory. By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH has performed a pious task in publishing these sixteen Yorkshire folk-tales and poems from the vast collection—a ton of manuscript, he tells us—made by his father, the late Richard Blakeborough. There are few literary tasks more difficult than that of writing out a folk-tale in modern language, and we cannot be surprised that the attempt often fails. In this case the narrator falls between the two stools of the commonplace and the melodramatic. We do not pretend to say how a Yorkshire witch ought to talk; but we are quite sure that "Quickly shalt thou learn the cost of a woman's unrequited love" errs on the one side as much as "Well! Elphi has just told me that thou and the abandoned Elba have been having quite a long conversation" errs on the other. The chapters on the highwaymen "Swift Nick" and Dick Turpin are the most readable because the least pretentious.

A CORNISH PILGRIMAGE

The Cornish Coast and Moors. By A. G. Folliott-Stokes. Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.

ALL lovers of "the delectable duchy" will sympathize with the enthusiasm for its scenery, climate and people which has given birth to this pleasantly written book. Mr. Folliott-Stokes has given a definite scheme to his narrative by following the coastguard path right round the Cornish coast, from Marsland Mouth to Cawsand. We are glad to learn that the county authorities are taking steps to have this path—no longer used for patrolling—handed over in perpetuity for the use of the public. At present there are only two places—Porthquin and Prussia Cove—between Marsland and the Lizard where private owners have recently attempted to exclude the public from the coast path. Our pedestrian author describes all that he sees with an agreeable particularity of detail. He is specially good in his account of bird life and flowers—his laudable aim being to endeavour to point out to his reader "the objects of natural beauty that we may chance to encounter in the course of our long walk together." If there are still any people left who think that a pleasant month can be spent on foot with a rucksack, and who do not know Cornwall, they might do much worse than study Mr. Folliott-Stokes's attractive pages and photographs in the winter evenings, and follow in his footsteps next spring.

New Fiction

BY GERALD GOULD

The Natural Man. By Patrick Miller. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

The Marriage-Craft. By D. H. S. Nicholson. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. net.

THESITES' definition of human activities would, like all cynical sayings, be at least one degree nearer to truth if it were translated into a romantic form; but the activities would remain. And books would continue to be written about them. Love, marriage, passion, sex on the one hand; violence, pride, courage, war on the other—there is no gainsaying them.

Most publishers were declaring recently that they had no use for war-books: the public, it was to be presumed, desired to forget the miseries of the war-years. Yet I do not think that the public (for whom too few good words are said) ever shrank from being reminded of the war, if the reminder came clothed in the vividness of a writer's genuine individuality. Anyway, the judges in Mr. Grant Richards's recent "first novel" competition have had the courage to award the prize to a book entirely about the war. They have chosen well. 'The Natural Man,' from its ambiguous title to its inconclusive close, is full of interest—the interest of something sharply distinct, individual and concrete. If by "natural" is meant ordinary, usual, then Mr. Miller's hero has no right to the name; but he has every right if "natural" means, as it ought to mean, comprised within the baffling but convincing order of nature. For this man is no chimera, no monster. But he is definitely an exception. It may safely be said of any civilized community that, among the motives which take men to war and keep them there, *enjoyment* of war is the rarest possible. Yet there is no doubt that the war did discover some people whom civilian life had consistently frustrated and to whom fighting, despite its pains and horrors, offered the exhilaration of the exercise of special function. Such men did not physically suffer less than others, but the precise combination of routine and responsibility satisfied in them some nervous and emotional need. It was, perhaps, a rare type—perhaps a very rare: but it existed. And Mr. Miller's hero belongs to it.

Blaven could not have explained his trouble, but it was a real one. Behind him his life lay like a valley of shadows, cut vividly by a few bright shafts. He wanted to look forward, and only forward. His normal life (and he had tried hard to believe in it, and make it seem a normal life) was failing him. . . .

In the war he saw a chance for a new sort of life, new, although among his own kind. In it he believed his unrealized powers, whatever they were, would unfold. He would live at last, and win a victory for himself.

One can sketch for oneself the conclusion which a sentimentalist would give to such a beginning. A black sheep, bleating loudly, would win the Victoria Cross. Mr. Miller is as far removed as possible from the sentimentalist. His Blaven invites no limelight. No rosewater is sprinkled over mud and blood and lice. Even the excellence of Blaven's soldiering is given a coldly rationalistic touch; he goes to Paris on leave, and finds himself unwilling, unable, to do what the purveyors of "distraction" expect of him; and he thinks about that afterwards—or, as Mr. Miller well says, "something thought for him":

All his interest in the war was just a side-tracking of some far greater issue, and one side of that issue had presented itself to him that day. But that could not be. The war satisfied him. It had come like a liberator, and given him a job his whole nature had leapt forward to do. Could that access of happiness, that sudden unity of definite purpose, be misleading him? . . . His excitement that after-

noon, his wonder and his fears here, were quite different from his life in the battery. Not half so simple, not half so definite, but, somehow, it concerned him, the very him that was himself, more. Something seemed a muddle. His whole life had been spent, it seemed to him, repulsing something, being afraid of something. He was not afraid of war. He had proved that. So there was something else far more fearful than dying. . . . There must be some sort of dreadfulness in really living. Was that why men and women, his father and mother, spoke about death so calmly, but kept silence about the other thing, the real turning-point of life? The relation of men to women. . . .

This is not the final passage: things look clearer before the end of an exceptionally sincere and well-written story: but the passage I have quoted will serve as a means of transition to Mr. Nicholson's book, which, also, is exceptionally well-written and sincere. "The relation of men to women. . . ." A number of people of various views—conventional, "artistic," "modern," ascetic and so forth, agree to journey about in a barge, discussing marriage. They are to be perfectly frank: and they hope to arrive at some conclusion. Of course, they arrive at no conclusion: and of course they are not frank. It is possible, and indeed not unusual, to be frank about *theories* of sex; but these young people propose to be frank about their own emotions and experiences, and that is for ever out of the question, and doubly so: for in the first place sex carries, in the normal person, a certain reticence with it, so that the completely unreticent is out of court as a witness on the normal problem; and in the second place nobody knows what his own emotions and experiences are.

Mr. Nicholson, I think, imagines himself to have arrived at some conclusion. And, as far as I can make out, his conclusion roughly is this: that the freshness and excitement of sexual love can be preserved if the two lovers make up their minds to see each other only at intervals, and to persevere in regarding their mutual passion as only the vehicle and expression of something nobler, more impersonal than itself. The second part of that formula sounds all right. But the first reminds me of a young man who once came up to me in a state of happy enthusiasm and said: "I have just been reading so-and-so: he says the last word on the sex question." A week later the same friend came to me again and said: "So-and-so does not say the last word on the sex-question after all: he has forgotten the children." It is not for me to argue with Mr. Nicholson. All that I am concerned with is that he has written a thoughtful and graceful book, humorous, sympathetic and original; but I cannot forbear to wonder whether he has not forgotten the children. And my suspicion is fortified by what seems to me his injustice towards Pearce, the Philistine of the argumentative company. Pearce is introduced as something of a foil to the brilliance of the rest. He is a pompous, self-satisfied lawyer, not without brains and pluck, but hide-bound in several thicknesses of hide. Yet his main contribution to the discussion is this:

If a man marries and lives in decency and honour and comfort with his wife, and makes of his home, in some way, as perfect a little state as he can; if they bring children into the world to be honest, clean citizens of the bigger state; if he takes the responsibilities and claims of marriage and bears them pluckily and steadfastly without whining; if he makes all this contribution to the general life of the nation and makes a home where there is beauty and warmth and security and harmony, hasn't he found a purpose enough, and fulfilled it?

This, of course, is not the last word. There are no last words in any discussion. But it is a fairly eloquent and admirable penultimate. And if we object to it that it deals only with the cases where there is no problem, and so leaves the problem unsolved, untouched—well, perhaps, in some form or other, that objection could be made to every theory which professed to be general and final. Unless you start with definite premisses which *imply* a conclusion, you can scarcely hope for a conclusion at all—the old trouble of the syllogism! And possibly that is all that Mr. Nicholson wants us to conclude.

Round the Library Table

ADVERSARIA

THE great age of translation into English was the fifteenth century—widening its borders for a few years before and after—and I am agreeably reminded of one of the most indefatigable workers in this field by the publication of *Ovyde Hys Booke of Methamorphose*, translated by William Caxton, MCCCCLXXX (Oxford: Blackwell, 63s. net), edited by Messrs. S. Gazelee and H. F. Brett-Smith, from the MS. at Magdalene. Caxton's translation was printed in 1819, but as only forty-four copies ever existed, it is one of the rarest publications of the Roxburghe Club, and it escaped the eye of Dr. Furnivall and republication by the Early English Text Society. It is now issued in an edition of 375 copies in a form worthy of its printers and on paper like that made for William Morris, with preface and introduction by the editors, competent, scholarly, and even lyrical.

* * *

Nearly a hundred years before Caxton the first great piece of prose translation was made by Chaucer, the version of the Boethian *Consolation of Philosophy*. It is not much read to-day, even by Chaucerian students, and it has been a favourite whipping-block for pedants who, safe in the possession of a Latin dictionary and a variorum edition, delight to point out the mistakes of a scholar who had to rely on a single manuscript for his text, and on his memory for his vocabulary. But Chaucer's prose has a height of style which rises to the dignity of his subject and a grave rhythm which marks the exquisite nicety of his ear. The other great piece of translation of the century, *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*, while more popular, owe their merit to a remarkable gift for storytelling, not to any research of style. It is, in fact, prose in the making.

* * *

I must not be thought to undervalue Caxton's tireless labours as a translator when I say that as a printer two of his publications far outbalance them all in worth, Malory and Chaucer, and of these Malory is the more valuable, for while of Chaucer many manuscripts are still extant, the inestimable *Morte Darthur* is only known from his print, and would otherwise have been entirely lost to us. It is the first and, next to the Authorized Version of the Bible, the greatest book in early Modern English. It is perhaps less of a translation than a rehandling, for though Malory speaks of a French book, no one has ever seen one which corresponds to his text, while we have earlier English verse tales which are evidently sources of it. His prose has often been commended, never so adequately, perhaps, as by Professor Saintsbury, or with so wide a knowledge.

* * *

Caxton himself, I fear, did not profit by his example. His methods and aims can be gathered from the original and interesting prefaces to his works, a number of which were collected by Professor Arber and can be read in Mr. A. W. Pollard's volume of *Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse*. Caxton had, like the men of his time, little or no taste for verse, and he delighted in the medieval romances of chivalry, which in their latest French form had been revived and were the most popular among the output of the Paris printers. Nearly all his productions are translated directly from the French, including those with classical text behind them, like the *Eneydos* from Virgil or the *Metamorphoses*, and his chief difficulty was the knowing where to stop in the introduction of French words, while his aim was to create an English style which should rival that of his originals.

Ovid was one of the most commonly read books of the Middle Ages and Renaissance. He was the chief source of Gower's classical stories and of Chaucer's learning, and many of the more striking lines in late medieval verse are direct translations from him. But just as Caxton did not take his *Eneydor* from Virgil but from a French romance printed in Lyons in 1483, so his *Metamorphose* was taken from the manuscript of one printed two years after this translation by his old partner at Bruges. It is pleasant and by no means difficult reading, full of the medieval background which was the mainstay of the spurious revival of chivalry typified for us by the romance of *Petit Jehan de Saintré*.

* * *

I hardly know what to say of *A Knight's Life in the Days of Chivalry*, by Mr. W. C. Meller (Laurie, 30s. net). It has a fault particularly irritating to me, frequent misprints in the authorities and references given; but on the other hand, it ought to be counted to the author for righteousness that he gives his authorities at all. I don't like "the writer Hallam." As a form of reference to the great historian it is a lapse of taste, but beyond this, and taking the aim of the author into consideration, I have nothing but praise for it as an introduction to the life of chivalry as it is represented in romance, and narrated in history. It makes very good reading and will be an almost inexhaustible mine for romance writers; but historical students must take heed not to confuse the modes of thought of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries with the factitious sentiments of the fifteenth. For general reading there is no book in the language one half so comprehensive, or so near the authorities, for what they are worth.

* * *

A Bibliography of the First Editions of Books by W. B. Yeats has just been issued by the First Edition Club (7s. 6d. net). It is compiled by Mr. A. J. A. Symons and includes forty-six editions, some of which must be very rare. It seems a very good piece of work and is well printed and produced. I should like to see a collation of it. I can recommend *Waveney*, by B. Granville Baker (Allan: 6s. net), to lovers of the Broads country. It is full of the local colour of East Anglia, and Col. Baker has gathered up the local legends and associations to make a book interesting even to those who do not know the country. Had not Montesquieu some connexion with Beccles? I should like, too, to say how grateful I am for the very valuable *Selections from Matthew Arnold's Prose*, by D. C. Somervell (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net). It has many of my own chosen friends in it, and considering its limits of size, etc., will be an excellent introduction to a writer whose influence can only be for good at the present day.

LIBRARIAN

BOOKS TO READ

[Where any of the following books have already been reviewed in the SATURDAY REVIEW the date on which the notice appeared is added in brackets.]

The London Adventure. By Arthur Machen. Secker.
The Flaming Terrapin. By Roy Campbell. Cape. (August 16.)
Memories of a Justified Sinner. By James Hogg. Philpot. (August 9.)

FICTION

After the Verdict. By Robert Hichens. Methuen. (August 16.)
Five in Family. By E. H. Anstruther. (Mrs. J. C. Squire.)
The Bodley Head. (August 9.)
Miss Parkworth and Three Short Stories. By Edward C. Booth. Fisher Unwin. (August 9.)

Motoring CHOICE IN CARS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

MOTOR-CARS have become so common that people find some difficulty in choosing any particular model as more suitable than another. Tastes vary in motor-cars as in other matters, for while one owner prefers an open touring body of sports type, another insists upon a closed carriage. In the case of the Sunbeam limousine, for example, it may be interesting to note that this carriage has a combined window and roof ventilator, which serves the double purpose of giving more light in the daytime and supplying plenty of fresh air to the occupants of the car when the windows are closed. Four wide doors are provided so that the driver can dismount from the driver's seat, for the Sunbeam gear and brake-levers on the right-hand side are so neatly located that they give no hindrance to an easy exit. There is also another lever placed behind the brake-lever which actuates the Barker's dipping head-light mechanism.

* * *

The whole lighting equipment in this carriage has been made by the Rotax Company, which provides two interior lamps as well as the usual outside ones. Owing to the ample wheel base of this six-cylinder 20-60 h.p. Sunbeam chassis, the rear compartment contains two occasional seats in addition to the ample rear cushions, and is divided from the driving compartment by a D-shaped division with sliding windows. For those interested in equipment it should be mentioned that the Triplex glass screen is kept clear in wet weather by an electric Berkshire automatic wind-screen wiper, and mounted centrally at the bottom of the wind-screen is a Clymer spot light which can be moved in any direction by the driver or the passenger at his side to throw its beam of light where desired for reading road sign-post directions. When extras to the usual dashboard accessories are fitted—such as cigar-lighters, electric wind-screen wipers, electric horns and spot-lights—it is wise to increase the ampere-hour capacity of the accumulators. The battery is not originally designed to provide for so many accessories, but only for lighting and starting demands, and these additions make a considerably greater call on the electric current. Therefore when choosing a car and having such a full equipment fitted, it is well to order an electric battery large enough to supply the current needed. This is the "grain of salt that savours the whole" comfort of its owner and dispenses with the necessity of frequent "boosting" of the battery by electric supplies outside its own charging dynamo.


* * *

Hartford shock-absorbers are a standard equipment to the springs of Sunbeam chassis. These anti-jolt devices are but one type out of many at present on the market. Much discussion has arisen as to the best form to fit on various motor carriages, but here again choice is greatly influenced by taste. Houdaille has as many supporters as any other form and no doubt many other manufacturers of shock-absorbers can make equal claim to popularity. Therefore, as most motor-car manufacturers build their vehicles with the suspension a trifle too springy, some form of corrective in the nature of a shock-absorber is usually required. In the recent French *Grand Prix* race at Lyons, Hartford shock-absorbers were fitted on the winning car, an Alfa Romeo, and on the two Delage cars that came in second and third. Driving Mr. F. Lionel Rapson's single-seater Lanchester, Mr. J. G. Parry Thomas, at Brooklands, recently succeeded in obtaining eleven world's records for speed over certain distances from 200 kilometres to 400 miles, at the rate of 99.75 miles per hour to 99.89 miles per hour, using Houdaille shock-absorbers. Thus two very different

apparatus in design and construction can claim credit for their performance, an instance which may show that motorists had better make their choice of type of spring damper from test on their vehicle before ordering, as both cars and conditions of use seem to require individual and personal treatment to cure inordinate bounding over rough surfaces. Many records are claimed by racing motorists on account of the brand of motor fuel used to provide power and lubrication to the engine. Yet while Shell motor spirit provided the Lanchester engine with record-making power, Pratt's Perfection spirit was used by Major Weber in his motor-boat *Lady Pat*, which recently secured the Duke of York's Trophy for Great Britain, in the International motor-boat race for 1½-litre engined craft at Torquay.

* * *

Having secured a motor carriage, the average owner proceeds to drive it or be driven without seeing that the load is evenly distributed or that the tyres are inflated equally on either side of the rear and front axles. It is true of motoring as in other spheres of life, that attention to details brings success. In a car such care gives comfort, for an unbalanced motor carriage seldom rides as well as one in which the load has been evenly distributed. Also if the rear side tyre is not inflated to the same pressure as the offside one, balance is upset. Moreover, uneven pressure causes additional wear of the tyres, which is expensive. It is safe to state that few cars on the road ever get attention paid to this important detail. Few motor-carriage owners even possess a trustworthy tyre-pressure gauge, usually relying on that indicator supplied with the inflating pump—a most untrustworthy accessory. Yet it is a simple matter to apply a pressure gauge of dependable quality to each of the tyre valves in order to see that each of the rear wheels is inflated to the correct pressure for the weight of the loaded car and the tyre section fitted on the wheels, and similarly for the front tyres. Nowadays with the advent of the low pressure balloon tyre, the rear tyres are inflated to a lower pressure than the front ones in order that the latter may not make steering difficult or laborious. The opposite applies to high pressure tyres; the front covers are seldom blown out as hard as the rear ones in order that the steering wheel will hammer less on an uneven road surface and so cause less fatigue to the driver.



SALVATION

SHELL MEX. LTD.,
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Change in fashion in tyres is causing serious consideration in regard to present steering design, as the low-pressure, large section, balloon or comfort tyre has caused the usual complication of a device fitted on a machine not originally designed to carry it. Recent news from the U.S.A. states that many makers there are increasing the steering ratio to give greater leverage in view of the general adoption of low pressure tyres on the cars built in that country. No motorist desires to spin round the steering wheel two and a half times to obtain the full use of the steering lock to negotiate an acute hairpin bend, yet such a course has been necessary. One and a half turns of the steering wheel is as much as most drivers wish to perform when on a mountain road with a precipice on one side. It will be seen, therefore, that although motoring has become commonplace, quite a number of things that matter have arisen in its progress. The choice of a car and its equipment still remains a not too easy problem to solve for the non-technical purchaser.

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This model has an unusually attractive appearance; the body is a roomy four-seater with the luxurious upholstery found only in cars of the highest grade; and it is both reasonable in price and economical in running cost.

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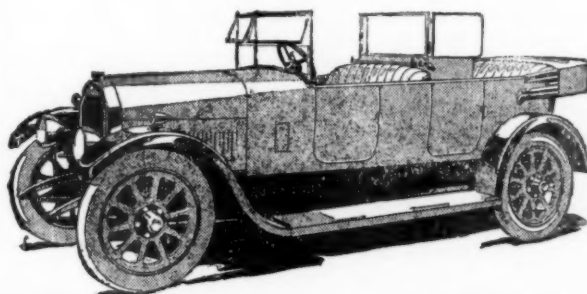
LET THE HUMBER OWNER SPEAK

MR. A. J. CHRISTIE, of Birmingham, took delivery of a 15.9 car in January, 1922, and he writes:—

"Up to 11,500 miles the car showed none of the usual signs of requiring decarbonization or valve grinding, but as I was going abroad I had it done. It was reported to me that no damage had been done through allowing the car to run so long and that the valves were in good order.

"Up to that time the car on long runs—such as 120 miles, from Birmingham to Aberystwyth—did about 22 to 24 m.p.g. Yesterday with five passengers the car used exactly four gallons for the 120 miles—30 miles to the gallon."

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chief
Cities.

City Notes

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE City made up its mind from the first that the London Conference would be successful. The agreement reached on Saturday night, therefore, has had no immediate effect on markets, the Stock Exchange, as is generally the case, having discounted the improved position before it arrived. Presuming the London Agreement is ratified by both the French and German Parliaments, we shall have the £40,000,000 Loan to think about. I am of the opinion that the general improvement will start after this issue and I shall then look for better markets. We are by no means out of the wood yet, but an intelligent start has been made, and the future can be looked to with greater confidence if not with actual optimism.

HASTINGS CORPORATION

My attention has been drawn to the fact that the recent issue of Hastings Corporation 4½% Stock 1940/50 can now be purchased at a half discount, that is, 95% free of stamp. I pass this information on, because those who favour Corporation Loans will find this stock compares favourably with similar issues. The yield at this price is £4 15s. or £4 17s. 6d., allowing for redemption at the latest date, namely, 1950. It is a strict Trustee Security and at the current price appears the cheapest Corporation Loan of its type on offer. As regards the financial position of the borrower, taking a comparative list of 167 County Boroughs and large towns, only fifteen pay lower rates than Hastings. The net debt of the borough is relatively low, the amount outstanding on non-reproductive works on March 31 last being only just over a quarter of a million.

REDIVIVUS

In 1919 there were active dealings in the 10s. shares of the Anglo-Scottish Finance Corporation, based on the possibilities of its oil bearing lands in Rumania. When the post-war boom resolved itself into the deflation slump the shares of this concern were forgotten, except by unfortunate holders at high prices, but recently they have once more come in for attention. This time the buying is based on what appears a more tangible foundation, the Company having acquired the British Empire rights of the Mutolin Oil Refining Process. By this process, invented by Dr. Wolff, formerly one of the chief engineers of the Badische Aniline concern, it is claimed that 65% of petrol can be obtained from crude oil as against 15% by the present normal processes. If this claim can be upheld, and the fact that the process is extremely cheap substantiated on a commercial scale, then the Anglo-Scottish Finance Corporation have acquired a valuable asset. A plant capable of treating ten tons a day has already been erected in Germany and the Italian rights have been sold to a newly-formed company with a capital of 20,000,000 lire. The Anglo-Scottish Finance Corporation is now negotiating with an English group for the disposal of the right of exploitation of the process in the British Isles. The 10s. shares of the Corporation are 7s. 3d. to 7s. 9d.: they are, of course, a very speculative purchase, but in view of the above facts they appear to possess possibilities. This company should not be confounded with the Anglo-Scottish Trust.

NITRATES

When a fortnight ago I wrote suggesting an increase of interest in nitrate shares I gave as my reason the improving condition of the Chilean nitrate industry. To-day I can add a further bull point in the fact that now Germany will probably come into the market as a buyer. During recent years Germany's purchases of this essential fertilizer have been restricted, with disastrous results to her beet sugar crop, as the continued use of the synthetic substitute has "soured" the ground. Given the necessary financial facilities this will now alter, and the Chilean industry will have to meet increasing demands from Central Europe. The nitrate share market has in the past been overlooked, with the result that it is limited; on one occasion the would-be buyer finds it very difficult to buy shares, on another it is equally troublesome to sell. This state of affairs existed in the tea share market, yet it has broadened out during the last twelve months in an amazing manner, and although I do not suggest that nitrate shares will rise in a similar spectacular fashion, yet I do think that shares will repay a purchase at the present level. The following table gives a selection of representative shares with the present prices:

Share.	Denomination.	Price.
Agua Blanca	5s. shares	34s. 9d.
Anglo-Chili	£1 "	65s. 6d.
Lautaro	£5 "	7½
San Sebastian	£1 "	10s. 9d.

TIN SHARES

Another direction in which a more settled Central Europe should have a marked influence is in the price of base metals, particularly tin. Tin has always been a troublesome commodity to the investor or speculator as its price has fluctuated in a most spectacular manner, but the basis for its value must rest on supply and demand. Germany should now come into the market a steady buyer thus increasing the demand, and I cannot see where any increase in the supply will materialize. Naturally a high price for the metal will stimulate production, but the aggregate increase, unless a new field is discovered, cannot materially alter the position. In these circumstances the price of tin should rise, in any case if it does not fall below £240 per ton (the present price is £255 17s. 6d.) the better tin companies should do exceptionally well. There are four main fields for the production of tin—Malay, Bolivia, Nigeria, and Cornwall.

I give below a selection of tin shares, any of which I consider a good purchase under present conditions:

	Denomination.	Present Price.
Tronoh Mines, Ltd.	£1	2½
Siamese Tin Syndicate	£1	3½
Bisichi	10s.	9s. 6d.
South Crofty	5s.	9s. 0d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

REPARATIONS.—"Dollarschatzanweisungen" is the name given to the Dollar Treasury Bills issued by the German Government in March, 1923, quoted price 82, that is 82% of redemption price, which is 120 dollars. Date of redemption April 15, 1926.

EAGLE.—(1) I should hold. (2) I consider Peacock and Nilambe adequately valued at the present price. (3) I favour Chargola at 30s. and Imperial Ceylon at 33s.

SEASIDE.—(1) Yes, the Vienna Stock Exchange is closed every Wednesday. (2) Wiener Bankverein closed on Tuesday, 127,500 Aus. Krs. They are dealt in on the London Stock Exchange and are about 8s.

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Acrostics PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page in our first issue of each month.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 129.

TWO GREEK PHILOSOPHERS OUR PILLARS SHOW;
ONE WEPT, ONE LAUGHED AT ALL HE SAW BELOW.

1. Winged jewel gleaming in the tropic sun.
2. Most men have two, the Cyclops had but one.
3. This isle's queer name is known to every Scot.
4. Ingenious, truly, but we need it not.
5. Both fine and white, 'twas first in Flanders made.
6. The great John Gilpin carried on this trade.
7. Flat, heavy, dull—pray dock the final letter.
8. Don't stuff that bird yourself—he'll do it better.
9. Now halve a wretch possess by greed of gain.
10. On such an ocean ports you'd seek in vain.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 127.

(Last of the Quarter.)

IN SPAIN HE HELD HIS COURT, IN DAYS NOW LONG GONE BY;
LEARNED, HE POEMS WROTE, AND SCANNED THE MIDNIGHT SKY.

1. Thus was he called, though hardly to his face.
2. 'Tis plain, that hero here can find no place.
3. Delays to live, until he sees Death's sickle.
4. Strike half a breeze from ancient letter mickle.
5. In Senegal the girls my soft eyes glad.
6. Curtail a king whose land the Hebrews had.
7. Suppress that rage! What bird it was, who knows?
8. How much through London's busiest highway goes!
9. Of Merodach and Bel behead the land.
10. Erelong you'll find it, sir, or out of hand.
11. A dainty dish by statesmen not disdained.
12. Claimed special gifts by prayer to have attained.
13. Our English streams this fowl no more frequents.
14. Can aught else teach us to foresee events?

Solution to Acrostic No. 127.

Astronome ^{R1}	¹ Alfonso X (1221-84) was called 'the Astro-
L Ucid ²	nomer,' or 'the Wise.'
F oo L ³	² The Cid, Rodrigo Diaz, Spain's national
O m Ega (le)	hero.
N ago R ⁴	³ "Because thou hast always coveted what
S ih On ⁵	thou hadst not, and despised present
O ssi Frage ⁶	blessings, uncompleted and unenjoyed
T raffi C	thy life has slipped from thee, and all
CH aldae A ⁷	unexpectedly death is at thy side."
E ftsoon S	Lucretius, Bk. iii. 970-2.
W hiteba ¹ T	⁴ The gazelle of Senegal.
I lluminat I	⁵ Neh. ix. 22. "They possessed the land of
S poonbil L	Sihon." He was king of the Amorites.
E xperienc E	⁶ The Ossifrage of Lev. xi. 13 is an un-
	known bird. The R.V. calls it a Gier
	Eagle. In the Geneva Bible it is a
	Goshauke, "or Gryphyn as is in the
	Greeke."
	⁷ Jer. l. 1.

ACROSTIC No. 127.—The winner is F. I. Morcom, The Clock House, Bromsgrove, who has selected as her prize "Big Game and Pygmies," by Cuthbert Christy, published by Macmillan and reviewed in our columns on August 9 under the heading 'Among the Pygmies.' Twenty-three other competitors named this book; 'Five in Family,' 'The Book of the Sky,' and 'Studies in Mid-Victorian Imperialism' were the other books in chief demand.

A correct solution was also received from Tyro.

OUR EIGHTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The winner is Sisypheus (5 mistakes in the quarter), who is requested to send us his name and address and to choose a book, not exceeding Two Guineas in value, reviewed in our columns during the past quarter. Boekerris, N. O. Sellam, Old Mancunian, and St. Ives, with 8 mistakes each, tied for second place.



TO THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE AT WEMBLEY

The British Empire Gas Exhibit with its large and airy rest lounge has become a favourite rendezvous of those who love to inspect the wonders of the Exhibition. For here they find not only rest for their bodies, but much of interest for their minds—and, what is more, of profit to their pockets.

Of Interest to every Woman

Here indeed are the most economical and attractive appliances for the use of gas, both as an illuminant and as a fuel for all domestic and industrial operations. Here all the world and his wife find that gas has been proved by the medical profession to be the ideal fuel from the hygienic standpoint. They find living pictures to show of what service gas can be "from the cradle to the grave" throughout "The Seven Ages of Woman"—and her man. They see how perfectly gas fires can be made to harmonise with any scheme of furnishing and decoration. They learn from qualified demonstrators how best to cook by gas; how to obtain hot water supply by gas; how to wash and iron by gas; and, indeed, how best in every way to get the utmost value out of every penny spent on making the home perfect.

—and every Man

So too, Mr. Business Man learns much—within the limits of any exhibit he could not learn all there is to know—about "the thousand and one uses for gas" in industry and commerce. "If it's heat you want, its gas you want," he discovers to be true of nine out of ten processes in every trade—and in the tenth it will be coke, which he can get from the gasworks!

EVERYONE SHOULD THEREFORE MAKE
A MENTAL NOTE:

WHEN AT WEMBLEY
BE SURE TO VISIT
THE GAS EXHIBIT

(in the centre of the Palace of Industry)

Company Meeting

MARCONI'S WIRELESS
TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

SENATOR G. MARCONI presided on Friday, the 15th inst., at the twenty-seventh ordinary general meeting of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Limited, held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C., and, after a full explanation of the drastic manner in which the Board had dealt with the balance-sheet, said: The trading profit for the year shows little change from that of 1922, but for the fact, as set out in the Report, that we had serious losses of an exceptional nature to write off, the result of the year would have compared favourably with the preceding year. Having regard to our brighter prospects generally, we have felt justified in having recourse to some extent to the amount brought forward to the credit of Profit and Loss Account, and recommend the payment of a dividend of 7 per cent. upon the Preference Shares and 10 per cent. upon the Ordinary Shares, which will leave us a sum of £403,308 15s. 8d. to carry forward to next year.

In my speech last year I made some reference to the work which I had carried on with the assistance of Mr. Franklin and Mr. Mathieu in the development of a new system of wireless communication. That system is now popularly known as the "beam" system. I told you then that I had succeeded in establishing communication between England and Cape Verde Islands, using only a fraction of the electrical energy hitherto found necessary to span such distances. Since that meeting our work has made a great advance. Not only have we been able to establish satisfactory communications with South America by this system, but for the first time in history the human voice speaking in England was easily and distinctly heard in Australia.

It is this system with its fascinating possibilities which has contributed to the favourable change in the prospects of your Company. By reason of its directional characteristics it increases the secrecy of wireless communication; it eliminates to a large extent the atmospheric disturbances which have always been the bugbear of the wireless engineer; in capital cost and in operating charges it is far more favourable than the old system of super stations working on long wave-lengths; and, in addition, it gives a rapidity of communication which the old super station could never do. Using a power of about one-fortieth of that necessary for a super station, steady and reliable communication can be secured over great distances at a speed of several hundred words per minute.

The speed of transmission is limited in practice only by the mechanical devices it is necessary to employ, and these, as at present constructed, are capable of working up to two to three hundred words per minute. This, however, will not necessarily represent the limit of the capacity of a station constructed under the new system, since it is possible to transmit several messages simultaneously from the same aerial.

It is exceedingly gratifying to your Directors that after so many years of negotiation the Government has at last entered into another agreement with the Company which this time should lead to the practical realisation of an Empire Wireless Scheme.

Your Directors are also glad to be able to tell you that the basis of an agreement has been reached with the Post Office in regard to the payment by that Department for our War Services. We are not yet in a position to state the exact amount which will come to the Company as the matter is not yet finally settled, but there is every reason to expect that it will be in the course of a very few days.

The agreement with the Post Office to which I have referred deals only with wireless telegraph services between this country and the Empire. I am glad to be able to tell you, however, that we have practically reached agreement with the Post Office in regard to the granting of a licence to this Company for the conduct of wireless telegraph services with all the rest of the world outside Europe. In regard to European services there are some points which are still under negotiation, but I am confident that before many days have passed your Company will have been granted a further licence for the conduct of wireless telegraph services, not only with the rest of the world outside Europe, but with a great part, if not the whole, of Europe itself.

In conclusion, the Chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs (Deputy Chairman and Managing Director) seconded the motion, which, after some discussion, was carried.

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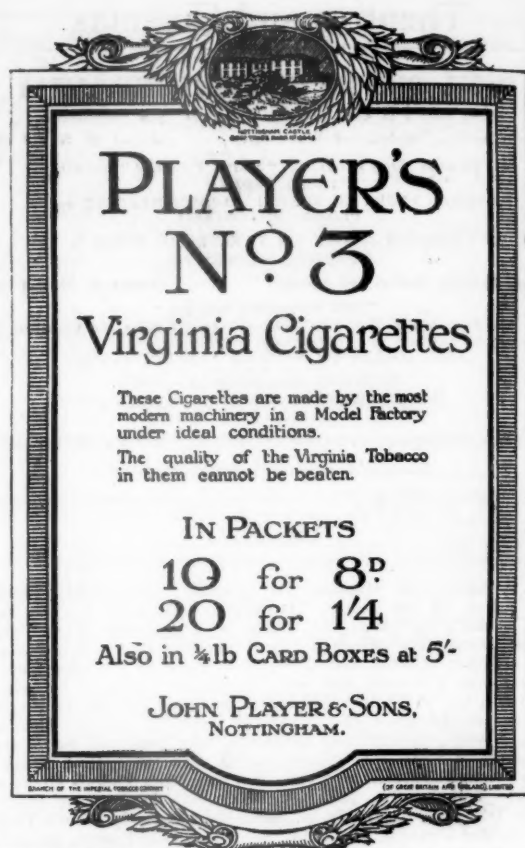
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